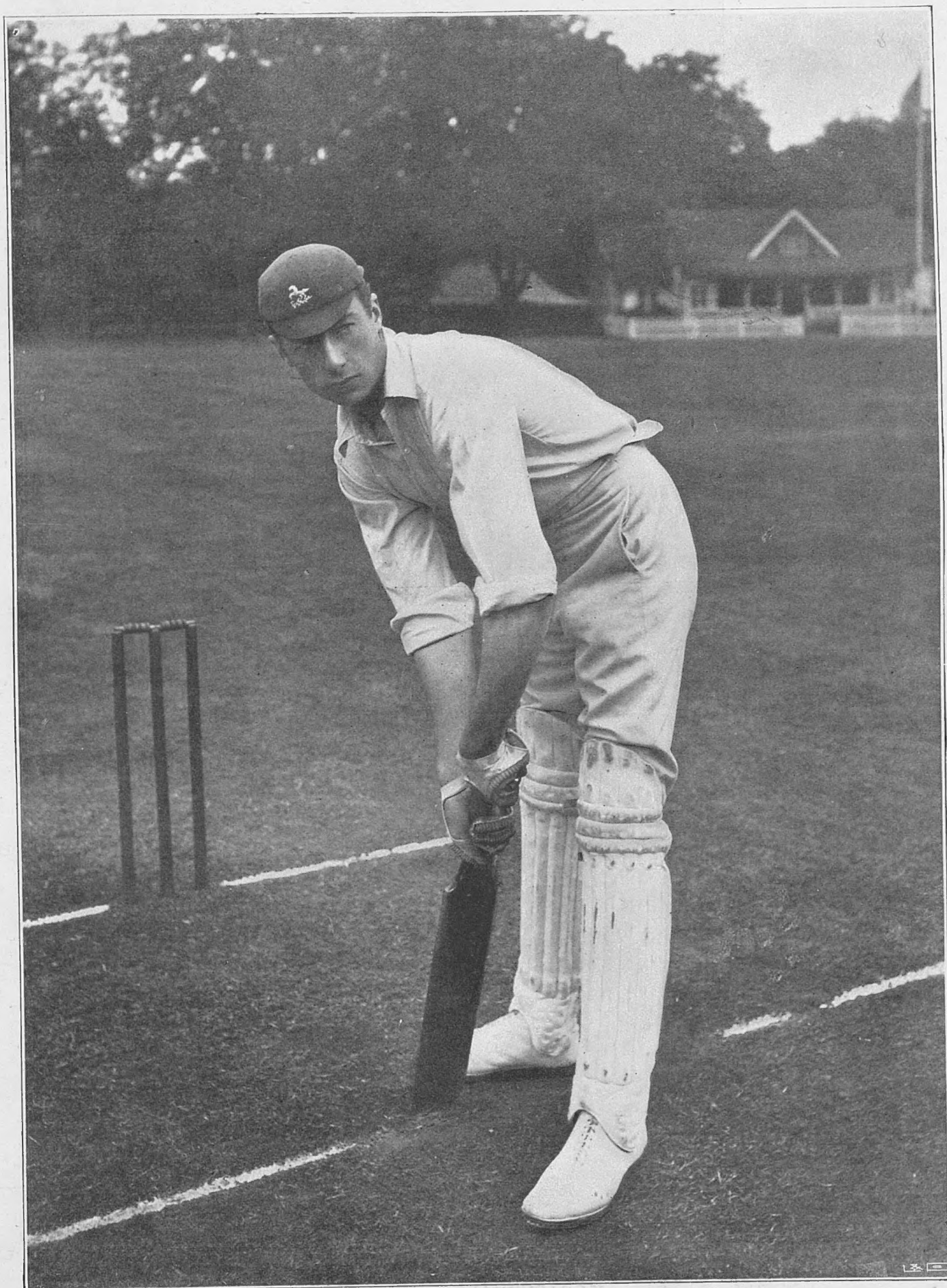




No. 251.—Vol. XX.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1897.

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MR. J. R. MASON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THIELE AND CO., CHANCERY LANE.

"THE CIRCUS GIRL" UP TO DATE.

Photographs by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

Theatrical slumps and booms come and go, but "The Circus Girl" seems bent upon rivalling the famous brook, for at present there are no signs of any abatement of its popularity. Go round to the gallery or pit-door of the Gaiety any evening, and, rain or shine, as the Americans say, you will find a long *queue* waiting patiently for the opening of the doors, waiting with that marvellous good-humour which distinguishes Londoners under the most trying circumstances. These are not the sort of nights one cares to stand out in the cold, but "The Circus Girl" has the trick of attracting. Nor is this surprising when one thinks of the means that it possesses of commanding success. Indeed, unlike some works of its class that have enjoyed long runs, "The Circus Girl" has not required constant renovation. There are but three new numbers since the first night on Dec. 5 last year. One of the latest is a quaint little duet of two dolls, very cleverly sung and danced by Miss Katie Seymour and Mr. Edmund Payne, whose contributions to the piece are of great value. Another is the song "We take off our hats to the Queen," sung very ingeniously by Mr. Lionel Mackinder, whose imitations of different accents is capital. The last is the song "When I used to ride a gee-gee in the circus," sung by Miss Connie Ediss, who really makes the "hit" of the piece by her broad humour and lively singing. The epithet "music-hall" has been cast at her, but, in fact, she really shows considerable



MISS FRASER AND MISS PALOTTA.

skill in acting. In "My Girl" she made her first real hit, when she appeared as the Lady Mayoress, and sang the song "When my Hubby is Sir Tom."

A feature that would surprise one of the old Gaiety boys is the fact that the management relies, to a considerable extent, on pleasing the eye by presenting pretty girls dressed in dainty, fashionable costumes, instead of the tights once deemed almost "the only wear." It must be admitted by all that such handsome girls as Miss Grace Palotta and Miss Margaret Fraser are really more artistic and effective for stage purposes in their pretty frocks than in the old-time lack of them. It should be added that Miss Palotta, who has played lead successfully at the Court in musical farce, and Miss Fraser, who dances very cleverly in "The Circus Girl," have talent as well as beauty. Most of the original cast can still be seen. Miss Ethel Haydon replaces Miss Ellaline Terriss, for whose speedy recovery all playgoers are anxious; and Miss Frances Earle now presents *La Favorita*, and, if there is no gain in either case, it must be admitted that the *remplaçantes* are charming as actresses, and sing prettily. Miss Katie Seymour has steadily developed as actress, and yet her dancing, unique in its style, does not suffer. Biggs, the heroic little waiter who overthrows "the terrible Turk," is a part which, in the

hands of Mr. Edmund Payne, has been considerably developed, and one may now say of the popular low comedian that he is immense.



MISS MARGARET FRASER.



MISS GRACE PALOTTA.

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CONCERNING SOME BLUNDERS.

As a rule, blunders are rather amusing than offensive, partaking of the latter character only when they are put forward under the guise of extra-superior information. For instance, a certain ex-naval surgeon, who issues weekly allocutions *urbi et orbi* through a newspaper syndicate, writing, last November, of "Self-Massage," tells me to "lie prone on my back," and kindly promises that, should I succeed in thus rivalling Walter Wentworth, and following certain other directions, it will "aid indigestion." Thanks, Doctor; but my indigestion is quite able to master me at times without any assistance. Again, in *Answers* for Aug. 1, 1896, I am informed (on the last page) that "Carlisle has probably the only Church organ in the world that is blown by water-power." Now, this piece of information is distinctly precious, and calculated to abase the proud heads of countless incumbents and organists all over this country who, on the strength of their organs being fitted with hydraulic bellows, have hitherto believed that this pre-eminence over the rest of Christendom was individually their own. Secular papers are often accused of blundering on ecclesiastical matters, and not without good ground: even the *Graphic*, of Feb. 20, gave a picture of St. Saviour's, Southwark, being "opened by the Prince of Wales." I have by me a story cut from a back-number of the *Woman at Home*, one of the pictures illustrating which, over the words "She sang in the Choir," represents a lady in full evening-dress holding a sheet of music before her in the best professional style, the "choir" in question being that of a quiet English church. But the secular papers have not all the blundering to themselves—or, stay! perhaps it was only a case of superior information, and the *Church Times* had made some unexpected discovery of sporting proclivities on the part of the Apostle when (Aug. 14, 1896) it described St. Paul's occupation as "tent-pegging."

The same month, a writer in the *Windsor Magazine* treated its readers to a curiously involved sentence:—"And so the acquaintance between two men equally indispensable to the Church was prevented by a groundless belief—which is, however, a popular one—that a bishop is unable to adapt himself to the wants and requirements of a layman, which, as a matter of fact, formed the entire basis upon which the episcopate was wisely founded." Now, what on earth is the meaning of this? Or has it any?

I came across another funnily involved sentence in an article by an author who should have known better. It was in *Fraser* (now defunct, but happily resuscitated in *Longman's Magazine*) for July 1882. Mr. William Simpson, describing the crowd at the annual feast of Jagannatha, at Puri, says that "it is like people going to a fair in England, which," he sapiently adds, "in fact it is." Now, come!—this is too much. Not to mention the difficulty of deciding whether he means the feast or the crowd, the statement that *in fact it is a fair in England*—stop!—can it be, *in fact it is people going to a fair in England*? or what *can* it be? There—I'm lost again. I don't want to growl: I want to roar. At all events, I've got out my atlas, and made sure of one thing—that Puri, in Orissa, is not, and never was in England; and *Whitaker* assures me of another thing—that though there are some three hundred religious denominations having registered places of worship in this country, the servants of Jagannatha (better known as "Juggernaut") are not among them.

A still older blunder, but one that I have not seen noticed elsewhere, occurred in that most correct of weeklies, *Chambers's*, for July 26, 1879. In it, the writer of an article on "Precocious Cleverness" says: "Madame Tietjens is said to have given indications of promising musical talents from earliest infancy. Before she could speak, she would hum the opening notes of Auber's opera 'Fra Diavolo.'" Considering that the said opening notes consist of a roll on the side-drums, short and sharp, several times repeated, to "hum" them would certainly have been possible only to an Infant Phenomenon.

But I must come back to the present time, and resume my grumble against the slipshod carelessness of authors, and the neglect, if not of editors, of printers' "readers." This very day I came across no fewer than eight flagrant mistakes in spelling within twenty-three lines of the *Weekly Scotsman*. But, bless you, that's nothing!—there may be good excuse for one paragraph's escaping the proof-reader in a paper like that. Still, I think that the daily *Scotsman's* saying that, "However great the risks of scarcity up-country may be, thousands of people are prepared to face them rather than run the greater *pearls* which they consider confront them in Bombay," is evidence not only of a reader's failure, but also of the presence of a Dublin man on the staff. In Dublin they always say "pearl," or "purl," for "peril." *Chambers's*, in "The Story of the Guinea" (Dec. 19, 1896), reverses the common blunder that confuses between June 20 and Ascension Day by speaking of "William's Ascension."

I find only two or three more blunders in my note-book. Mr. Zangwill, in "Without Prejudice" (*Pall Mall Magazine* for January 1896), speaks of the "Professor of Botany at the University of Dundee." This, however, is excusable, as, though there is no such University, Dundee has a "University College" in connection with St. Andrews, but to a great extent autonomous. But what is to be said of the *Spectator* (Oct. 3, 1896) gravely telling us in a "leaderette" (barbarous word!) that Lord Rosebery declared that "the great debt that *Burns* owed to *Scotland* was that he kept enthusiasm alive"? Surely one has always thought the obligation was the other way about. Or what is the meaning of this, from the *Strand* for January—"Immediately following him was a little man, in every sense of the word his *antitype*?" Now, the first man was big and burly, and so one suspects Mrs. Meade meant "antithesis"; but, if so, why on earth couldn't she say so?—B. M.

"IDYLLS OF SPAIN."

"Idylls of Spain," by Rowland Thirlmere (Elkin Mathews), is an altogether delightful little volume of free and fanciful Spanish sketches. Nothing could be more unlike the conventional route or the conventional book of travel. We are all of us tired of Seville and Granada; we know the Alhambra as we know our own drawing-room; and we find the pictures at Madrid almost as tedious at times as the gratuitous lithographs on the London hoardings. Not the actual canvases themselves, of course, but the "cultivated" tourist's stereotyped "artistic" chatter about Velasquez. Mr. Thirlmere (to call him by the obviously assumed name which he gives on his title-page) takes us to far other fields and among more untrodden mountains. He leads us into strange countries. We will honestly confess that we had never before heard there was such a place as Beasain, and that we could not undertake to put our finger at once upon Zumárraga in a map of the Peninsula. But we are glad to have been carried there in such pleasant company. Our author is evidently well acquainted with the by-ways and side-alleys of Spain; he even bursts at times into original Spanish verse, on which we would be loth to pronounce a definite critical opinion as glibly as his friend the apothecary Placido pronounced his own views on the relative merits of contemporary poets of the Iberian race. Our Spanish, or our modesty, does not run to it. But we are well content to be led (in the spirit) into the dubious rooms of the *habitacion de dormir* in the Calle San Lorenzo; to make the passing acquaintance of the mad Gipsy woman who recollected Borrow as Don Jorge; to wander about the narrow streets of Arrigoriaga or Irúrun; and to be introduced, with a delicate flavour of literary flourish, faintly reminiscent of Sterne, to the numerous charming priests and peasant women and strayed American lady tourists whom our guide always encounters at the proper moment in incredible places. "This is the true Spain," we say to ourselves; and, if truer than the real, well, what else is art meant for? Mr. Thirlmere has a light and caressing touch; he makes rural Spain live for us, and teaches us to sympathise with it. Such books are not born of knowledge alone, but of knowledge and insight.

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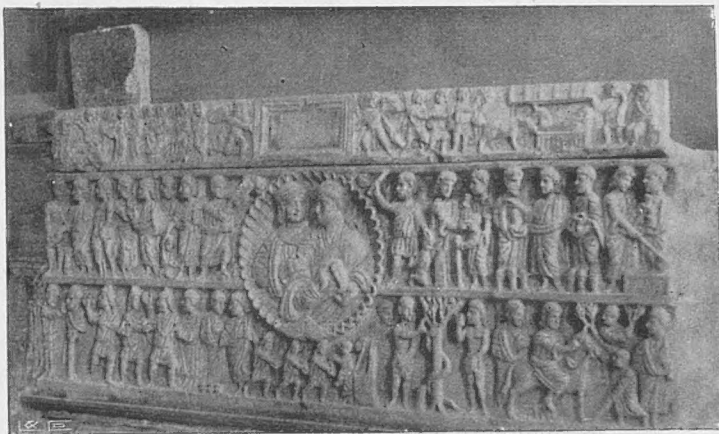
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Herewith I show you specimens of early and modern Christian gravestones, which have in common the touch of art. There was a time, happily gone, when our literature reeked with the graveyard, when the pompous Dr. Blair penned "The Grave," and when Gray elegised the churchyard. Nowadays we translate our feeling for our God's acres into artistic possibilities, such as the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans did long before us, as you will note from the picture of the sarcophagus which rests in Syracuse of storied memory. As a specimen of what we can do to-day, I reproduce the monument which Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., designed in memory of the late Hon. William Owen Stanley of Penrhos, twin-brother of Lord Stanley of Alderley, Lord-Lieutenant of Anglesey, and for many years Member of the House of Commons. His mother was the Lady Maria Holroyd who biographed Gibbon in such a delightful way. Mr. Stanley died in 1884. The epitaph on the tomb describes him thus: "A scholar and antiquary, he dwelt among his own people in the island of Holyhead and gave a long life to their welfare." The tomb is placed in a chapel that has been especially built for its reception on the south side of the choir of Holyhead old church, and is visible through the wide arches that open into the choir and transept.

The time and care that Thornycroft has expended on it has been well repaid, for it is a beautiful example of mural monument work. In style it is Italian Renaissance, and consists of a life-sized recumbent statue of the deceased, lying on an altar-tomb with winged angels at the ends, the one at the feet, with inverted torch, representing "Death," the one at the head "Immortality," who places a wreath upon the pillow. The wings of these attendant figures are outstretched and form an arch-like curve above the recumbent one. The front and ends of the base immediately below this group are enriched in panels in low relief; the centre one of these contains the inscription tablet, with kneeling winged figures of children supporting it. The whole is executed in white

Carrara marble, except the steps below, which are of polished green Anglesey marble. In front, and at some distance from the monument, is a finely wrought iron grille, which protects but does not greatly obscure the work. The chapel, which was designed by the architect, Mr. Harold Hughes, is lighted by stained-glass windows, from the designs of Sir E. Burne-Jones. The principal one, which especially lights the monument, is inscribed to the memory of the devoted wife of Mr. Stanley.

This is appropriately so, as it was by her will that the monument was erected to him.



EARLY CHRISTIAN SARCOPHAGUS FOUND IN THE CATACOMBS AT SYRACUSE.

Count Andruzzos, son-in-law of the late George Frupp, of the Water-Colour Society, will give an exhibition of some forty or fifty water-colour drawings on Italian subjects at Mr. McLean's gallery in the Haymarket at the end of this month. Count Andruzzos, who is an Italian having property in Corfu, has been living for some time past in Venice. He is at present in London.

Visitors to Jersey with antiquarian yearnings may be warned against taking too much trouble in the exploration of certain Troglo-dyte caves that are situated in the neighbourhood of St. Heliers. A friend of mine, with a geological turn of mind, who has been spending the recent delightful summer of St. Luke in the Channel Islands, was attracted by the advertisements of these caves; and one morning journeyed in search of them. After a walk of some three miles, he reached a villa in the gardens of which a notice informed him the caves were situated. Payment of a small fee enabled him to inspect them. But his disappointment was great on finding a series of small vaults or grottoes decorated with oyster-shells, rockwork, and various bottles, which appeared to have been partially fused in a brick-kiln, or, at any rate, to have gone through the ordeal of fire in some shape or other. No trace of pre-Adamite man was visible, no flint implements, nothing of interest to the geologist, and, on asking his guide if the caves were really very old, he was gravely informed that "the master had put them up about two-and-twenty years ago."



THE TOMB OF THE HON. WILLIAM OWEN STANLEY.

M. Jean de Reszke is the name of the talented poodle depicted in the accompanying photographs. He certainly is almost as great a performer in his own line as his far-famed namesake on the operatic stage. It was a mistake to have taken these photographs out of his uniform, which consists of red breeches, blue coat, and shako. As he may in the future spend some time in Scotland, this may be changed to the kilt and bonnet of a Highland regiment. After full-dress parade he smokes a clay pipe, and has been seen looking quite unconcerned with a lighted cigarette between his teeth. Jean, of course, dies for his adopted Queen and country to the whistle of the National Anthem, but instantly jumps up to waltz on his hind legs when the tune changes to "My Queen" valse. When asked if he is sleepy, a prodigiously loud yawn is the result, and the answer to the question of "How much do you love your mistress?" is a spring on to the back of her chair, and a black-moustached muzzle whispers a loving little bark into her ear.

Many other accomplishments can Monsieur Jean boast of. Perhaps his extraordinary aptitude for learning tricks is owing to his being such an extreme gourmand. All is grist to his mill! He can also be useful as well as ornamental, as no tennis-ball can ever be hopelessly lost when he is near. The links is the sole place where he does *not* win praise and affection. It has taken a long time to teach him that the driven golf-ball is not sent flying especially for him to retrieve. This mistaken notion caused him the loss of two front teeth on one occasion, when the ball hit him on the mouth, and this sad episode damped his ardour for golf, so he nearly always walks the other way now when practice begins on the lawn. Monsieur Jean is not a great sportsman, at least having once been seen to pass unnoticed within a foot of his nose. Neither does he consort much with his own kind, preferring the society of human companions. He, as a rule, avoids fights, except with a certain German Spitz, at the sight of whom Jean always bristles with rage.

I wonder if birds "lose their heads" when alarmed. Somebody has written to the *Field* to say that when shooting he saw two partridges, crossing each other's line of flight, come in violent collision, one being killed and the other stunned by the impact. Similar accidents have been observed ere now by sportsmen.

It is to be hoped that the Congress of "The International League for the Protection of Insectivorous Birds," which was opened on the 9th inst. at Aix-en-Provence, may be productive of some definite result. The absence of small birds in Italy and most districts in France strikes the least observant visitor. French law on the subject has been made more stringent of recent years, but the system of protecting birds under a specified length from beak to tail gives the *chasseur* an opportunity of which the cunning take advantage. A Norman inn-keeper once told me you could make a bird "long enough" by breaking the neck. On the other hand, the French authorities do not fall into our glaring mistake of assuming that every yokel is an ornithologist to whom

the name of every species is known. For some reason or other, while Normandy is sparsely populated with birds, Brittany is as well furnished, or nearly so, as any part of England.

Some three years ago a small committee of naturalists and sportsmen was organised by Captain A. St. H. Gibbons to carry out a scheme for the preservation of those species of South and Central African antelopes which are threatened with extinction. The scheme was approved by the Chartered Company, and Captain Gibbons' committee was promised a grant of two hundred thousand acres of land, to be enclosed as a game park; but, before the matter could be placed on a proper footing, the Matabele rebellion broke out, and obliged its postponement. After the rebellion came the rinderpest, which caused further delay, and, at the same time, made the preservation of rare species, now much rarer, more than ever desirable. I am glad to hear that the scheme is being actively pushed forward again, and that there is good prospect of the game park being enclosed on a site suggested by Mr. F. C. Selous.

How curiously eager some people are to read a "human motive" into the act of an animal! The other day, a hare, hard pressed by the Isle of Man Harriers, was seen to spring deliberately from a rock into the sea, which chanced to be somewhat rough at the time. A correspondent, referring to this incident, calls it suicide, and proceeds to remark on the intelligence of the hare in choosing thus a death much less painful than awaited her at the jaws of hounds; he appears to think the fact that poor puss was almost immediately

drowned confirms the "suicide" theory. It is by no means unusual for hares to take to water; I have known both hares and rabbits do so, and exceedingly well they swim. The hare, at all events, does not require a fatal alternative to induce her to face a stream, though she does not bathe for pleasure. The prompt drowning of this Manx hare was, no doubt, due to the fact that she was stiff after a long run, and the cold water stiffened her still more;

further, though a hare can make a very creditable show in smooth water, she does not, so far as my observation goes, swim high enough or strong enough to have a chance in anything like a sea, even though she started fresh.

One of the oddest proceedings on a rabbit's part that ever came under my notice was in a covert in County Cavan one day last autumn. He came lolloping deliberately along the path on which I stood, and as our eyes met he coolly crouched down, laid his ears back, and appeared to think himself quite invisible. It was the more curious because the dog was "speaking" to a rabbit in the thicket only twenty paces distant.

The issue of their "Illustrated History of India" by Messrs. Cassell in nine parts at sixpence each is timely in view of the Afridi campaign. It begins with the story of our conquering armies there under "John Company." Now we are moving northwards.



THE POODLE JEAN DE RESZKE.

Is Kailyardism going to give place to historic romance? I certainly think that Mr. Barrie has managed (unconsciously, perhaps) to give the death-blow to the hair-splitting, save-your-soul creed of Thrums, for he has pilloried Auld Lichtism by turning the flashlight of farce upon it in "The Little Minister," so that his old theological admirers can scarcely



MCDONELL OF SCOTTOS ADDRESSING HIS CLAN AT CULLODEN.

Reproduced from "Harper's Magazine."

rate him so highly as they once did. At any rate, the return to romance of the Stevenson type is shown in the new serial in *Harper's Magazine*. It is called "Spanish John," and is described as "a memoir of the early life and adventures of Colonel John McDonnell, known as Spanish John, when a Lieutenant in the Company of St. James, Regiment Irelandia, in the service of the King of Spain, operating in Italy." In the second instalment this month, the author, Mr. William McLennan, who certainly seems to know the geography of the Highlands of Scotland by heart, tells how Spanish John accepted a secret mission "towards Prince Charles," and journeyed into Scotland, where Father O'Rourke and he "fell in with false friends, and were in at the end of the Lost Cause." M. F. de Myrbaach, who has illuminated the pages of Daudet by his clever pencil, contributes beautiful illustrations. The one I reproduce here shows the hero's uncle, McDonnell of Scottos, addressing his clan, who declined to charge with him in the name of Prince Charlie at Culloden. In desperation the old man addressed his clansmen thus: "Let them go! But my own children will never return to say they saw me go to my death alone!" And with that he charged, every one of his own following him. It was fine, but of no effect, for the English swept them off the face of the earth by a point-blank fire before ever steel met steel. He was picked up and carried off by two of his men; but, finding the pursuit grow too hot, he called a halt."

In the current *Blackwood* Mr. Neil Munro tells the story of "John Splendid," a poor gentleman, and "the Little Wars of Lorn." Like Mr. McLennan's story, it is told in the first person, autobiographic fashion, by a Highland lad who served with Mackay's Regiment on the Continent. I am not astonished at this turn of the tide, for the history of the Scot is brimful of real romance. John Hill Burton tapped the mine in his "Scot Abroad." Mr. Charles Low last year and Mr. Henty this season (in his boys' book, "With Frederick the Great") have gone on the same track, but there is much unused matter yet.

The Marquis of Bute, who was recently reported to have purchased a famous ruined abbey in the North, has interested himself in the restoration of ancient edifices for a longer period than is generally supposed. Over twenty years ago Lord Bute obtained permission from the Duke of Buccleuch to have excavation work carried out at Sanquhar Castle, in which King James was entertained in 1617, but which ceased to be a place of residence in the end of that century. In 1876 the Marquis, after the ground-plan of the ruined keep had been exposed, acquired the castle and a hundred acres of surrounding land, and since that time an extensive scheme of reconstruction has been proceeding. Two towers—one round, the other square—now rise from the building. The latter one, called the Wallace Tower, from the circumstance that the Scottish patriot is believed to have once occupied the castle, has been carried to the fifth storey, and another has yet to be added before completion.

So rapid has been the increase of the ducks in the London parks that the Parks Committee have been compelled to send some hundreds to be disposed of at Covent Garden. It will surprise many Londoners to learn that numbers of real wildfowl visit the ponds, and that they come in larger numbers each year. Even those birds which are considered to belong to the parks migrate from one part of the town to another; indeed, the keepers assert that sometimes, between sunset and dawn, as many as two hundred will arrive at one pond.

As I stood in the fog by St. Clement Danes and watched the Lord Mayor's Show go past, I could not help thinking what a grotesque fiasco the whole business is. Not that the Right Honourable himself is to blame. The Show only demonstrates our remarkably deficient sense of decorative display. The neat illustrated programme of the Show, by Messrs. Eden Fisher and Co., summoned Shakspeare to its aid with the prefatory motto, "I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes with the memorials and the things of fame that do renown this City." Amen, say I. But could anybody be satisfied with such a meagre display? Why, I have seen a poky little German town with a thousandth part of the resources of London arrange a *Fest* that would blot out all the Lord Mayors' Shows I ever witnessed. Which suggests a timely "recessional" of my own making—

For health and wealth and hate of stealth,
For all that's fair and free,
I'll pledge my name for England's fame,
Like Mr. Hayden C.—
Who sings of Mars and scars and tars
And Britain's brave Navee.

Let Britain's sons fire Armstrong guns,
Not K—R—U—P—P;
Let Britons damn a telegram
Which shows the Kaiser's glee.
We haven't room for boom of Oom,
As made in Germanee.

When British bards write Christmas cards
For printers over-sea,
My heart is sad; I can't be glad
To pay the Deutsch the fee.
There's naught that cloy the joys of toys
As Made in Germanee.

I yet admit we'd sit with wit
On Kaiser Wilhelm's knee,
For all that's best in *Fest* (*id est*,
A pageant brave), e.g.—
The Lord Mayor's Show would glow with "go"
If made in Germanee.

Year in, year out, we gape and shout
O'er what should never be;
Those stodgy cars that Temple Bar's
Gaunt Griffin stops a "wee,"
November Nine should shine like Rhine
(Which runs through Germanee).



DORIS.

Photo by Falk, Sydney.

Speaking of Germanee, let me draw your attention to *Pitman's German* weekly, a penny illustrated octavo in what is bilingual. It tells stories and gives jokes put in German and then in English, and serves up the intricacies of German grammar in a palatable way.

So much prominence was for some time recently given to the work as a printer of the late William Morris, that several master-craftsmen, who worthily maintain the best traditions of their guild and are fully abreast of the requirements of the time, were then, and still are, in danger of not receiving the recognition their work fully merits. It is worth recalling that the renaissance in book-printing, or the introduction of the old-style type, which is in general use now, was initiated over fifty years ago by Mr. Whittingham, of the Chiswick Press, the present manager of which, Mr. Charles T. Jacobi, has recently added to a numerous list of erudite volumes relating to the art and mystery of typography an entertaining volume entitled "*Gesta Typographica*," a medley which, while it has no pretension to completeness, is "considered worthy of publication for readers interested in, but not actually connected with, the art of printing." No printer of the time possesses a more complete knowledge of the technicalities of his craft, coupled with literary taste and acquaintance with the contents of many tomes, ancient and modern, than Mr. Jacobi, who for some time has been Examiner in Typography to the City and Guilds of London.

In the matter of the *format* and letterpress of present-day works the book-lover cannot fail to be struck with the fact that every second new volume he handles bears the imprint of the house of Constable in Edinburgh. While it is true that it is now over half-a-century since the old-faced style of type was again introduced, the period is much less remote since the style became popular; and this result is certainly due to the famous northern house more than to any other. The main influence in bringing this about—Mr. W. B. Laikie, the chief of the firm of Messrs. Constable—was not, strangely enough, trained in the typographic art. His unquestioned position—and to a very appreciable degree he has impressed his style in book-printing on his age—is on this account the more remarkable. For about two decades Mr. Laikie has been manager of the distinguished house in Edinburgh, and, like his confrère at the Chiswick Press in London, he has found time to engage in literary pursuits. Recently he published an "*Itinerary of Prince Charles Edward Stuart in 1745-6*," and now he has commenced a complete history of the Rebellion. The printing industry in Edinburgh, of which Mr. Laikie is recognised among men of letters in London as the most distinguished representative, is, it might be stated, likely to be permanently injured by the partial strike now in progress.

Guy Fawkes Day was celebrated by the West Hampstead Bonfire Club with the usual procession of cars and masqueraders through the streets of West Hampstead and Kilburn. There were seven cars in the procession. One of the most effective was the lighthouse car, with search-light provided. The hospital-ward car looked exceedingly well, while the colonial car was a popular feature. The other cars were entitled the Anti-Gambling League, Britannia, Klondyke, and Trafalgar cars.



HOW WEST HAMPSTEAD CELEBRATED GUY FAWKES DAY.

Photo by T. Fowler, Kilburn, N.

The Royal Warrant-Holders honoured the birthday of the Prince of Wales on Wednesday with a dinner, which marked an important step in the history of the Association. In a recent issue I noted that a charitable fund of worthy proportions was being projected. The President, Mr. Algernon Graves, stated at the dinner that, thanks to the energy of Mr. Ernest Collard and Mr. Gibbs, a handsome foundation to such a deserving fund is being laid. Considering the fact that the Association includes in its ranks commercial magnates of the most varied types—gentlemen who are necessarily members of the great City companies—this is not to be wondered at. A telegram from the Prince, applauding the scheme, was received most opportunely at the banquet, and there is no doubt that a charitable fund "will soon be switched on," as the Chairman happily put it, in every way worthy of the *collegium mercatorum* holding Royal Warrants. Colonel Probyn made a capital speech, scoring a great hit by quoting Dean Swift's (not Dean Hook's) famous charity sermon, preached at St. Patrick's, on the text, "He that hath pity on the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will He pay him again." The witty preacher, mindful of long-winded and fruitless exhortations, simply said, closing his book, "Now, my beloved brethren, you hear the terms of the loan; if you like the security, down with the dust!" Naturally, the Chairman touched upon the recent national bereavement caused by the death of the Duchess of Teck, who was one of the Royal Patrons of the Association. The wreath presented by the Association to the Prince was very effective.



THE WARRANT-HOLDERS' GIFT TO THE PRINCE.

I have read with pain and indignation of a scarcely credible outrage on the legitimate drama. Certain Justices of the Peace have enforced the Muzzling Order against the dog of a "Punch and Judy" showman. Toby in a muzzle! "How is he to bite Punch's nose?" demanded the showman. But the Justices were quite insensible to this appeal. Punch's nose will not be bitten, and one of the finest effects of the traditional theatre will be sacrificed. Do the judicial champions of the Muzzling Order realise the sentiment which their action will excite in the bosoms of playgoers old and young? I am a pretty old stager, but I never neglect a performance of "Punch and Judy" when I have an opportunity of witnessing it. When next I behold Toby, in a muzzle, unable to execute his great scene with Punch's nose, I shall certainly invite the crowd to a breach of the law! Ha! Revolutions have been made for less!

I am glad to see that an old contributor to these columns, Mrs. C. N. Williamson, whom I knew as Miss Alice Livingstone, has had a novel, "*The Barn-Stormers*," published by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. Monica Nairne, a pretty, brave-hearted English girl, finds herself in New York friendless and ambitious to be an actress. Through an advertisement she is engaged as juvenile lead to join a touring company in Ohio. She finds them low-grade Bohemians, veritable barn-stormers, and only her sense of humour saves her from absolute disgust. The portraits of her colleagues are excellent for vivid, uncompromising directness, and for the diverting candour that shows us the unabashed unscrupulousness of seasoned tramps, who live in chronic doubt whether the "ghost will walk" next salary-day. With true objective art, naught is set down in malice and naught extenuated. Like the plucky girl that she is, Monica makes the best of things, and, if her lot is hard and her path beset with cruel trials, she has enough natural gaiety to brighten even her most dismal plights with at least the hue of *tragi-comedy*. Besides her theatrical companions, there is a hard-headed, kind-hearted American financier, who is the good fairy of the story. That it is easy to see she will eventually marry him, from the moment she boards his private saloon-car by mistake on her journey to Ohio, in no way diminishes the interest of the story, which is entirely one of incident in a phase of life rich in incident.

Two new railway systems were opened on Tuesday of last week at the very poles of importance and of essential difficulty. One was the railway to Bulawayo, the other was the new line on the Highland Railway from Stromeferry to Kyle of Lochalsh. Though the route is only ten miles long, the extension (including cost of pier at the terminus) has cost over £200,000, the enormous expense being due to the extensive rock-cuttings along the route and the extremely hard nature of the rocks themselves. Indeed, the rocks were found to be of so hard a nature that neither gunpowder nor dynamite were of any use in the blasting operations. Six thousand pounds' worth of gelignite, the most powerful explosive now known to science, had to be used. The new line will bring tourists to within a stone's-throw of the Skye shore, thereby doing away with the oftentimes dangerous sea-trip from Stromeferry (the old terminus) through Lochcarron and the open Minch to Portree, and it will also shorten the distance to Stornoway and the Lews by at least an hour.

It passes through some remarkable combinations of loch and mountain scenery, probably more striking in their picturesque magnificence than the railway traveller can find in any other part of the British Islands, either on the coast or inland, the rocks in several parts along the route rising sheer up to a height of about a thousand feet, the deepest of the cuttings being eighty feet at the hillward side. As the line runs for the most part along the shore, there was less cutting necessary on the seaward side, and, where the view across Lochs Carron and Alsh is not obstructed by rock or mountain, the sight is truly magnificent, tier upon tier of peaks and massive ranges of mountains standing out grandly and picturesquely against the sky-line in the distance. The opening of the new line was celebrated at Stromeferry by a luncheon, which was attended by several of the directors and a number of the shareholders

and guests of the company, presided over by the chairman, Sir George Macpherson-Grant of Ballindalloch. The engineer of the line was Mr. Murdoch Paterson, C.E., of the Highland Railway Company.

As a sample of what railway cuttings may lead to, I give pictures of a landslip. At Allagalla, in Ceylon, a large mass of rock and earth

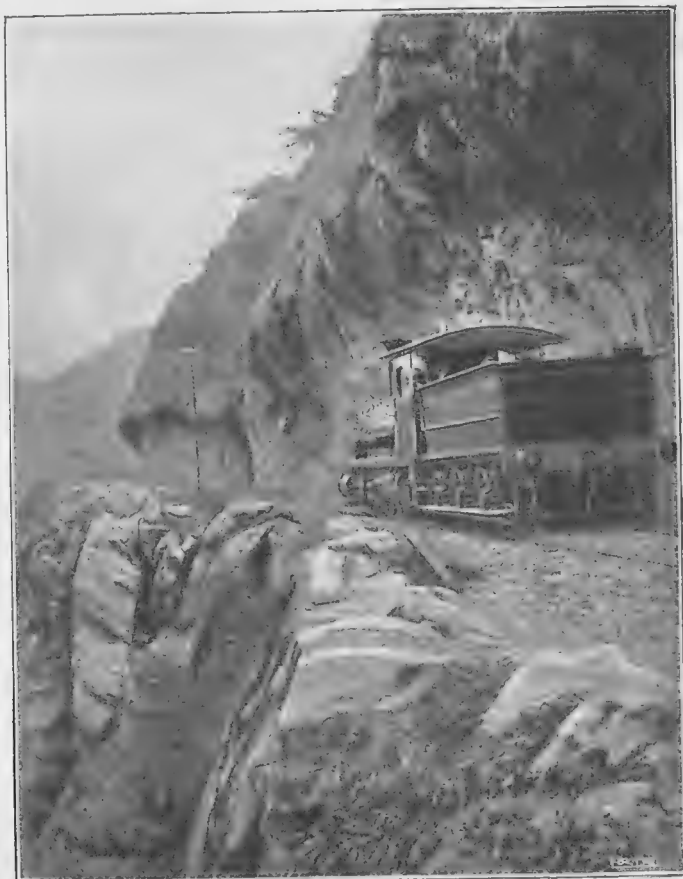
came down recently and completely blocked the main railway-line. For days no provisions could be conveyed up country, and the result was that the tea estates ran out of their rice supplies, the prices of edibles went up in some cases fifty per cent., and a small famine seemed imminent. The coolie element in the population did not emerge unscathed from the trial. At Matale some rowdies gathered round the rice boutiques, the proprietors of which promptly put up their shutters. This made matters worse, and thousands of coolies blocked the road and kept up a shouting to shop-keepers to give them food. It was not until the town authorities intervened that the danger of a general loot was averted. However, soon after this a loop-line was arranged.



A TYPICAL CUTTING ON THE NEW KYLE RAILWAY.

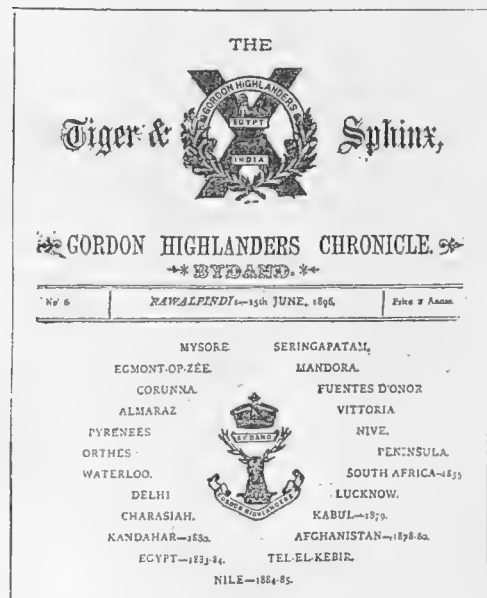
Photo by John Munro, Dingwall.

The idea of a lion-tamer as a Member of Parliament may strike English people as peculiar; yet M. Adrian Pézon, whose father has just died suddenly in his menagerie at the Montmartre Fair, has announced his intention to seek election to the French Chamber. After complaining of the treatment of strolling players by the authorities and police, he says, "Mountebank though I may be, I hope to cut as good a figure in the Chamber as many of the Great Unknown. I desire to take in hand and defend the interests of my comrades; that is my only ambition." The Paris Correspondent of the *Globe* says, "The Chaliber is a menagerie open to all the world. . . . But M. Pézon must not forget that there are 581 in the Chamber, whereas in his cage there are only two or three."



THE EFFECT OF A LANDSLIP AT ALLAGALLA, CEYLON.

I am glad to see that the popular enthusiasm over the Gordon Highlanders' pluck at Dargai is being used for a beneficent purpose. I have just received an appeal from the Marquis of Huntly, the head of the Clan Gordon, who pleads the cause of a Benevolent Fund for the



THE TITLE OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS' JOURNAL.

and the Lord Provost of Aberdeen, for the time being. Neither the men who have joined the existing regiment nor their dependents are entitled to the benefit of that fund, which, as it amounts to only £700 odd, with an income of £20 a-year, is wholly inadequate to meet the demands made on it by old 92nd men, their wives, widows, and children. Lord Huntly therefore suggests that a sum of money should be raised to form a Supplementary Benevolent Fund for behoof of men who have been in the Gordon Highlanders, their wives, widows, and children, and that the money so raised should be placed in the hands of the trustees whom I have mentioned, to be administered by them along with the fund already under their management. Messrs. C. and P. H. Chalmers, Advocates, 18, Golden Square, Aberdeen, the honorary treasurers, will be glad to receive any contributions.

It is the custom to sneer at the bagpipes as musical instruments, yet many people other than Scots have been stirred by their strains when thousands of miles from home. In India and Egypt they are very popular, and, indeed, everywhere abroad where our soldiers are stationed. Some of our native Indian regiments, including the plucky little Goorkhas, actually possess bands of pipers, and as far back as 1864 the 1st Punjaub Infantry, largely composed of Afridis, was provided with real Scotch bagpipes by its officers in place of pipes somewhat similar which are used in the hill country. Indeed, pipes of some sort appear to be the favourite instruments in mountain districts the world over.

By the way, I have just received from the manager of the *Times of India* a most instructive album of Indian costumes, reproduced from hand-coloured photographs, and printed admirably at the press of the paper in Bombay. It is quite the best thing of the kind I have ever seen, for the very photographic quality of it emphasises its verisimilitude. It is curious to note the little Parsee schoolgirl in knickerbockers (her mamma has a nice long robe). The Hindoo Natch-girl, I note, has a funny little red spot on her forehead. The Wasuder beggar, who works only from three to eight in the morning, wears a hat so like a beehive that the writer declares that the most original stage-manager could surely never conceive for a Christmas pantomime a more grotesque form of headgear. The postman (or "tapal-wallah") has a strange red breast-plate, exactly like the chest-protector that adorned the old man in "A Night Out" on the hoardings for so many months. If you want to know what Gunga Din was really like, look at the picture of the Bhisti, or water-carrier. In short, the book is full of interest.

regiment. After the Afghan Campaign of 1879-80, the inhabitants of the county and city of Aberdeen, in order to record their "high admiration of the constant gallant conduct" of the 92nd Gordon Highlanders, raised a sum of money for the benefit chiefly of the wives, widows, and children of the men of that regiment. Since the Afghan Campaign, the old regiment, the 92nd Gordon Highlanders, has ceased to exist, and the Gordon Highlanders now embrace the old 92nd and the old 75th. The fund raised in Aberdeenshire is administered by the Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Aberdeen, the Convener of the county of Aberdeen,

Who invented soda-water? An Edinburgh correspondent reminds me that the distinction belongs to a medical student, Augustine Thwaites, who was born in Dublin in the later part of the eighteenth century, and who invented soda-water in 1799. He unfortunately mixed chemistry with politics, for it is supposed that the privations endured while hiding from the authorities during the stirring times of '98 may have led to his early death. His sisters took a large part in the working of his father's business, through the failure of the latter's eyesight. From this it may have come to be supposed that one of them was the inventor. I give a facsimile of one of the early advertisements of the firm. Mr. Augustine W. Orr, of Dublin (a grandson of the inventor's sister), tells me that Archbishop Whately was primarily responsible for circulating the myth. He it was who coined the phrase about the invention being the "solitary product of the female brain," quoted consciously or unconsciously by a recent President of the British Association. Soda-water rapidly rose in public estimation, and we find Moore, in his *Life of Byron*, telling how the poet dined with Rogers and refused every dish as it appeared, to the great chagrin of his host, finally calling for some biscuits and soda-water; but, alas! the millionaire banker's establishment did not contain the latter, so the eccentric poet had to content himself with potatoes and vinegar, on which, nevertheless, his biographer says, he made a hearty meal. Disraeli may have borrowed this scene. Readers of "Lothair" may remember how Lord St. Aldegonde refuses all the choice viands at Mr. Brancepeth's table, contenting himself with some cold meat. Curiously enough, Thackeray, in "Vanity Fair," says soda-water was not known at the time of the battle of Waterloo.

The virtues of soda-water are well known and widely recognised; but at Bendi, a large African town some hundred miles inland from Opobo, it has been put to a use certainly not contemplated by its inventor. Major Leonard and Mr. F. James, two Niger Protectorate officers, were the first white men to visit Bendi, and on their arrival a

GEORGE FAULKNER
The Dublin Journal.

No. 10,033 TUESDAY, April 28, 1891 [Price Four Pence]

CONVENTION WITH DENMARK.

We have felt extreme delicacy in entering particularly into the conduct of the different Commanders employed upon the Expedition against Denmark. The ignominy and ability of Lord Nelson were too well known to need a comment; but never were they more signally than in the glorious victory off Copenhagen. Whenever the person who is Secom, in Command has the whole work to accomplish, his difficulties, from the very circumstances of his situation, are increased tenfold. We do not mean to throw out any insinuations against the conduct of Sir Hyde Parker, and much less of the Board of Admiralty by whom he was employed, but we should have been better satisfied if Lord Nelson had had the chief command, because the country knew him, and knowing him have the fullest reliance on his actions.

The value to the country of the Convention which has been entered into with Denmark, is, of course, under-rated by those who have ever wished to depreciate our successes, and to over-value those of our enemies—if those who put on a forced smile at the news of our victories, and who, with difficulty, suppress their exultation of the rumour of our defeat, had been told a month ago that Denmark would have

SODA WATER, &c.

AUGUSTINE THWAITES, SEN. & JUN., APOTHECARIES, NO. 40 MARLBOROUGH STREET, having constructed an entirely new and extensive Apparatus for the purpose of preparing MINERAL WATERS, respectfully inform the public that they are thereby enabled to produce them of a quality of superior efficacy, and to dispose of them at the following prices—

Soda Water in Pints, 13s. per dozen.	
Sellers do.	do. 13s. do.
Cheltenham do.	do. 7/6. do.
Rochelle do.	do. 10s. do.
Pyrmont do.	do. 13s. do.

Two Shillings per Dozen allowed for returned bottles.

N.B.—Half-pint jars with grommet stoppers to be had for dividing and preserving the Water.

As these Waters have been submitted to the Medical Gentlemen of this City and have obtained their approbation, they beg leave to refer to them for a character of their excellence and purity.

* Lucan Water from the Well 4s. 4d. per dozen.

THE FIRST ADVERTISEMENT OF SODA-WATER.

palaver was held. The proceedings opened by the headman of the town walking round the ring, holding a skull in one hand and wildly gesticulating with the other, at the same time uttering curses against the white men if any harm befell the townspeople by reason of their visit. Then the friendly chief who accompanied the expedition did a "walk-round" on his own account, calling down maledictions on the natives if any harm happened the white men. During his circuit he carried a bottle of soda-water, and, after exhausting a lengthy list of most appalling curses, he let go the cork. The natives all bolted, and it is said they were profoundly impressed by what they termed "the white man's god in the bottle"!

Nothing is needed to show the weirdness of the Viking Club than the programme title-page, which I reproduce here. Orkney and Shetland people are very exclusive, after the manner of all islanders, and to this day you will find them speaking of the people in Scotland as foreigners. Dr. Karl Blind, the "jarl" of the club, will give the inaugural address at the King's Weigh House Rooms, Thomas Street, W., on "The Earliest Traveller in the High North." Pastor Storm (not John of Gloria fame), the Danish Chaplain in London, is also down for a paper at a future day. I note that the Earl of Orkney is on the club committee, but, though ladies address the meetings, the Countess of Orkney, once Miss Connie Gilchrist of the Gaiety, has not availed herself of a *rentree* into public life.

The Holbeach Board of Guardians have been requested to state to the Local Government Board the number of currants they put into the paupers' puddings. No doubt, the authorities at Whitehall have heard that the currants are not numerous, and are preparing to issue an edict defining the statutory allowance of these dainties. Who will say that we are making no social progress? What would Mr. Bumble have said if he had been asked to count the currants? He remarked once that the law was "a hass." If we could only have had his opinion of the Local Government Board!

VIKING CLUB,
Or. Orkney, Shetland, & Northern Society

Thing-Mote (Session) 1897-98.

Jarl (President)—DR. KARL BLIND
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THE FRONT OF THE VIKING CLUB PROGRAMME.



MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

Did you know that Lord Nelson was descended from Edward III.? The proof is contained in the most interesting of all the antiquarian magazines, the *Genealogist*. Suffice to say that the great Admiral threads his way up through the families of Suckling, Woodhouse, Cary, Spencer, and Beaufort to King Edward and Philippe of Hainault. I may point out that in the same way, Lord Lorne, like the Queen herself, can trace his pedigree up to James I. Thirteen generations intervene both between Lord Nelson and Lord Lorne and their kingly progenitors.

The United States can also, it seems, boast of their *Victory*, but for once the New Yorkers and Bostonians are agreed, and there is no fear that the glorious old *Ironsides*, which was launched just a hundred years ago, will be broken up for firewood. The frigate was christened *Constitution*, and probably no vessel in the world can look back to a finer series of bravely fought naval battles and gloriously won victories. Among her commanders was the famous Captain Hull, and after his skirmish with the *Guerrière*, during the war of 1812, both ship and commander were welcomed home with unparalleled enthusiasm, and the *Constitution's* victory over the British boat was celebrated in numberless ballads. One ditty describes how—

Proud Dacres came on board
To deliver up his sword,
Though loath was he to part with it, it was so handy O!
"Oh, keep your sword," says Hull;
"It only makes you dull."
Cheer up and let us have a little brandy O!"

It is curious to see how the American of to-day is waking up to the picturesque side of history. A great deal of sentiment has been aroused among Transatlantic collectors and historians by the announcement that a portrait of the famous Major André, painted by himself, has been found lately in a second-hand shop in London, where it seems to have been bought for an old song. Unfortunately, as is so often the fact in cases of this kind, the present owner has not been able to discover the history of the picture.

Gabriel d'Annunzio, who has been called in turn the Italian Zola and Kipling, although he has recently been elected a University Member of the Roman Parliament, has no intention of abandoning literature for politics. On the contrary, he is widening the scope of his interests, and he hopes shortly to realise his lifelong dream, that of erecting a Festival Theatre dedicated to the Tragic Muse on the sloping shore of Lake Albano. The announcement is chiefly interesting to the Italian novelist's foreign critics from the fact that Signora Duse seems to be with him in the project heart and soul. The theatre will be built on a solitary, wild portion of the lake-shore, and will only remain open during the two mildest months of the Roman spring. The promoters of the undertaking desire only to produce the works of those writers "who consider the

drama to be a revelation of beauty, and who regard the scenic arch as a window opening on the ideal transfiguration of life." It will be curious to see what financial support is obtained by Signor d'Annunzio from his beauty-loving countrymen. Once erected, the Festival Theatre would probably be largely supported by foreign visitors, but modern Italy is surely in no mood to give money for even the most ideal and praiseworthy object.

Much interest has been felt in the London début of Miss Ada Marius, daughter of "Mons." Certainly her performance as Marie, the laundress, in "The Judgment of Paris," at the Lyric, augurs well for her future, for she is bright and attractive, and almost succeeded in making bricks without any straw. By birth Miss Marius is a Londoner, but ever since she left school she has been a great traveller, and, until his last South African journey, accompanied her father wherever he went, thereby gaining experiences that have stood her in good stead since she entered the profession. She made her first appearance in Australia, in "The School for Scandal," and a little later on played with the late Rosina Vokes in "A Pantomime Rehearsal" in Chicago, but her first *real* engagement was with Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis, in "The Wand of Wedlock," for a French-maid's part, and, strange to say, she seems specially well adapted to play soubrettes or any rôles in broken English. Then she was with the first "Prisoner of Zenda" company for two tours to play the Mayoress, and was, later, re-engaged for the same part, and also to play the Countess of Rassendyll in the Prologue, and since has been for some weeks with Mr. Arthur Playfair in "An Eider-Down Quilt."



MISS ADA MARIUS.
Photo by Falk, Sydney.

Mr. Clement Scott writes me—

I see that an original newspaper is to be started in which all authors are to review their own books, all dramatists to comment on their own plays, and all actors and actresses are to criticise their own acting. Heavens! What a relief! Was there ever a more merciful safety-valve for harassed editors and professional journalists whose tables groan with complaints with which the waste-paper basket subsequently bulges? Now we shall know how to estimate the artists of our time at their proper value—their own. But the joke, which is a good one, has been anticipated. I remember being present at a banquet given in 1870 to my old and dear friend Charles Mathews before he sailed for Australia. On this occasion he took the chair and proposed his own health most admirably, remarking that he knew far more about himself than anyone present could possibly do. And this brings to my mind another joke. At the Farewell performance at Covent Garden, Miss Marie Wilton (Mrs., now Lady, Bancroft) was playing Naomi Tighe in "School," and was asked in the examination scene, "What do you consider the most valuable possession of Australia?" As quick as lightning, she replied, "Charles Mathews," and brought down the house. I have just been looking over that 1870 play-bill. What a marvellous list of names! Buckstone, Frank Matthews, Compton, W. H. Payne, Fred Payne, Harry Payne, J. D. Stoyke, John Clarke, Mrs. Frank Matthews, Mrs. Chippendale, Alfred Wigan, Barry Sullivan, Arthur Sketchley, and Charles Mathews himself, all appeared in the second act of Sheridan's "Critic." All gone! Amongst the gallant survivors are Lionel Brough, who played Sir Walter Raleigh; J. L. Toole, who was the Beef-eater; Mrs. Keeley, who appeared as the First Niece; Mrs. Charles Mathews, the beautiful Tilburina, who was, of course, included in the parting compliment; and Charles Mathews junior, the present brilliant barrister, who played the Under-Prompter. So much for the "Critic"; but we have still with us many who appeared on this memorable occasion—namely, John Hare, Sir Squire Bancroft, Lady Bancroft, Carlotta Addison, Augusta Wilton, Mrs. Hermann Vezin, Walter Joyce, and the ever-youthful and energetic John S. Clarke. But we have said good-bye to Madame Celesti, Henry Forrester, Sam Emery, all of whom appeared in "The House on the Bridge," as well as Harry Montague, old Addison, Mrs. Buckingham White, Barry Sullivan, W. H. Stephens (who died on his knees in a Catholic church), Parsell, Granny Stephens, and H. J. Byron. I don't suppose that a more memorable programme was ever placed before the public.

In connection with the illustrations of scenes from "Change Alley," recently given in these pages, a correspondent points out that the idea of realising the salient features of a well-known picture is far from original. Douglas Jerrold's drama of "The Rent Day," as originally produced at Drury Lane on Jan. 25, 1832, was suggested by Sir David Wilkie's great pictures "The Rent Day" and "Distraint for the Rent." Clarkson Stanfield painted the scenery, and in so doing took care to follow the well-known originals. Wilkie went to see the play, and, it is said, cried like a baby over it. Wilkie wrote to Stanfield how delighted he was to see "created out of the dumb show of a picture all the living characters and progressive events of real life"—

Without being a judge at all of the merits of dramatic composition, I cannot help expressing how much I was struck with the preparation and completion of the tableau of "The Distraint," which in acting had much of the effect always produced by the *dénouement* of the play acted before the King in "Hamlet"—the surprise of an expected event. The second act appeared to me in its conduct and arrangements as indicating great skill in the contrivance of incidents dependent upon the articles of furniture already upon the stage.



MISS CISSIE LOFTUS IN "THE CHILDREN OF THE KING."
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



But Gunther, or rather, Siegfried, who does the work, gains a decided victory, and the lovely Amazon must own with surprise and shame that she is fairly won.—CARLYLE.

VERSE FOR "CHILDREN."*

The writing of verse for "children" is one of the fashions—and fallacies—of the moment. In one aspect the poetry of the nursery is synonymous with folk-lore: it knows not the boundaries of Babel; it goes back to the immemorial past. For instance, what country shall claim

have been compiled from Chambers's admirable volume to Grace Rhys's "Cradle Songs" in the Canterbury Poets. Long, long ago an anthology of a different kind was compiled by William Miller, of Glasgow, "the laureate of the nursery," as Robert Buchanan once fitly named him, and the author of the immortal "Wee Willie Winkie." Miller was not a "literary man," as we know the term. He was simply a close observer of humble childhood, who



THE BRIDE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MENDELSSOHN, PEMBRIDGE CRESCENT, W.

the authorship of "Who Killed Cock Robin?" of "Ride a Cock-horse," of "Hey diddle-diddle"? Many anthologies of this nursery verse

- * "A Book of Verses for Children." Compiled by Edward Verrill Lucas. London: Richards.
- "Song Flowers." Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verse," set to Music by Katherine M. Ramsay, and introduced by S. R. Crockett. London: Gardner, Darton, and Co.
- "Red Apple and Silver Bells." By Hamish Hendry. Illustrated by Miss Alice Woodward. London: Blackie.
- "More Beasts for Worse Children." By H. B. and B. T. B. London: Arnold.
- "Little Hearts." By Florence K. Upton. Words by Bertha Upton. London: Routledge.
- "The Vege-Men's Revenge." By Florence K. Upton. Verses by Bertha Upton. London: Longmans.
- "The Adventures of the Three Bold Babes." By S. Rosamond Praeger. London: Longmans.
- "Little Grown-Ups." Illustrated by Maud Humphrey, with Stories and Verse by E. S. Tucker. London: Gardner, Darton, and Co.
- "The Dumplings." By Frank Ver-Beck and Albert Bigelow Paine. London: Kegan Paul.
- "Cinderella's Picture-Book." By Walter Crane. London: Lane.
- "A Book of Nursery Rhymes." Illustrated by Francis D. Bedford. London: Methuen.

translated into the inimitable crooning cadences of his native Doric the troubles, the tenderness, and the twinkles of little children. To the same school belong a whole group of simple souls, some of them quite forgotten. They have been followed by a line of sympathetic singers, whose work appears in numberless magazines for children, but who do not come within that charmed circle that is "literary." Then a new era dawned with Blake, and in the person of Stevenson it became a vogue that is now being practised, for the benefit of rival publishers, by young bloods with literary aspirations, who dance the tune of the latest phases of decorative art. Next week, next year, the young bloods may be squandering their useful leisure in another way; for the nonce they are unusually active for this season of Christmas and childhood, and the vogue has resulted in an anthology by Mr. E. V. Lucas, issued under a title

that appeals to the literary man, printed sumptuously mid meadow margins, and delightfully illustrated by Mr. F. D. Bedford, who is not unaware that a Walter Crane and a Kate Greenaway have trod the path of childhood before him.

Mr. Lucas's book represents all the aforesaid aspects of children's verse. He has forgotten a few of the old favourites besides Dr. Watts, though Mr. Elkin Mathews' charming reprint might have stirred his memory. Of the moderns he has omitted Dolly Radford and Mr. Canton, whose "Rhymes about a Little Woman" possess that ring of tender sympathy and that touch of consecutive narrative which are inherent in the real children's verse that has stood the test of time. These qualities long ago marked out Eugene Field in a place apart, even when he came to sing the mock tragedy of "Little Johnnie Jones and his Sister Sue." But of the literary "children's" verse that is being issued to-day what shall be said? Mainly of two kinds, it follows the fashions fixed by Lewis Carroll and Lear on the one hand, and of Stevenson on the other. It is a most curious fact that none of these writers ever had any children of their own. It is equally curious that all of them appeal to grown-up people in a way that "Cock Robin" or "Banbury Cross" never does. The plain fact is that the modern verse for "children" that gets written about at all does not interest children themselves, but appeals to grown-up people who take a contemplative, humorous, or philosophic interest in Young Britain. Take Stevenson's "Child's Garden," which has just been set to music by Miss Katherine M. Ramsay. It is instinct with a perspective philosophy which is the result of impressions really created in after years. When Wordsworth wrote the ponderously titled "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood," nobody thought of putting it into a book of child's verse, for the simple reason that nobody believes that a child can construct a creed even on the vague wonderment at the world around. But because Stevenson, going back to his own childhood in the same way, put his memories into words that are as simple as "Cock Robin," he is regarded as a nursery laureate. His verse is very delightful, and we would not part with it; but do you ever expect one of the white-gowned nursemaids in Hyde Park, basking on a bench, to make the daintily dressed occupant of the go-cart grasp the idea that its bed is "like a little boat"? Mr. Lucas's book is full of that sort of verse. But is it for "children"? We buy his book for the library and give it a place beside Omar; for the nursery, no.

Coming to the other books in a lengthy list, Mr. Hamish Hendry is the latest imitator of Stevenson. "Red Apple and Silver Bells" is a very pretty book, which has the advantage of Miss Woodward's artistic fancy; but how many children will appreciate the philosophy of Shadowdom, for instance, described in "The Other Me"?

He goes beside me in the Sun;
And he is dark, though I am fair;
Both when I walk and when I run,
The Other Me is always there!

Sometimes the Other Me is Tall,
And stretches far, far down the street;
Sometimes the Other Me is Small,
And tries to hide beneath my feet.

And is not the same thing true of the nonsense-verse of the day? Lewis Carroll has written it in a way that appeals to children and to grown-up people, though one fancies that "Alice in Wonderland" (which a charming writer of the day declares will be the only Victorian piece of literature read two hundred years hence) is loved far less by children than one supposes, just in the same way that Robinson Crusoe and Gulliver appeal infinitely more to the literary reader than to the boy, who does not want a classic, but a book written by a contemporary. Lear appeals still less to the child than to the man, while "More Beasts for Worse Children" surely cannot amuse children at all. For mature readers it is very funny, though it is not so good as the same collaborators' "Bad Child's Book of Verse," issued last year. For instance, what child could laugh at the verses on the Porcupine?—

What, would you slap the Porcupine?
Unhappy child, desist!
Alas! that any friend of mine
Should turn Tupto-philist!

"Tupto-philist" is a very ingenious rhyme, worthy of a Gilbert, but, then, you must needs have left childhood far behind to grasp the humour of the compound—*τύπτω*, "I strike," and *φιλέω*, "I love." And only the medical student and the antiquated anti-evolutionist will roar at—

The microbe is so very small,
You cannot make him out at all;
But many sanguine people hope
To see him through the microscope.

If a child were to smile at the moral—

Oh, let us never, never doubt
What nobody is sure about,

the sooner his brain is put under the microscope in search of microbes the better for his parents' solicitude.

Then there is the usual show of children's verse that are primarily picture-books, with verse "written up" to the illustrations. Miss Florence K. Upton and Miss Bertha Upton are responsible for two such books. It must be said that the artist is distinctly superior to the writer. In drawing a certain type of child Miss Upton has got a Furnissy touch, especially in depicting a head of curls. This is most evident in "Little Hearts." In "The Vege-Men's Revenge" she adopts a different style

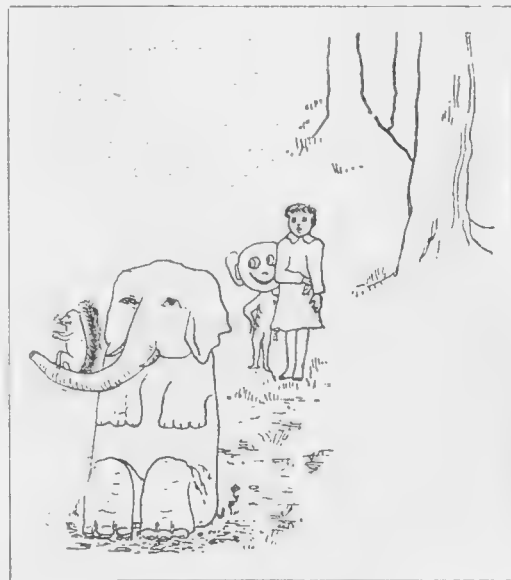
with greater success. It is the story of a child who dreams that she is a poppy, and mixes with all the inhabitants of the kitchen-garden, Don Tomato, Herr Carrot, and so on. If the verses are somewhat uneven, the humour of the pictures, which are printed in colours, more than compensates where they fail. In the same category (though not in verse) is Miss Praeger's "Adventures of the Three Bold Babes." The babes one day met a dragon which had an enormous tail pointed like an arrow, and astride the creature they had some extraordinary adventures, meeting an old knight and attacking him by working the dragon's tail exactly like a fire brigade with a hose pipe. "Little Grown-Ups" has been made in America, and is a credit to the printer rather than to the artist or writer. The pictures in colour are admirably reproduced. Of "The Dumpies," which Messrs. Kegan Paul have issued in handy book form, it is unnecessary to speak, for *The Sketch* introduced the series to English children, who appreciated the fact by writing the Editor several delightful letters of gratitude.

As mere child's art-books, the season has produced nothing better than "Cinderella's Picture-Book," by Walter Crane, and Mr. Bedford's "Nursery Rhymes." Mr. Lane has to be thanked for reissuing Mr. Crane's beautiful pictures. Every day for nearly twenty years I have seen his illustrations to "My Mother," framed in a certain room, and as the years go past I get to love the pictures in their bright primary colours more and more, for they are drawn on the scale of simplicity that never palls. The present issue includes "Cinderella" (even her frank chignon is delightful), "Puss in Boots," and "Valentine and Orson." These are books to buy and cherish. Mr. Bedford, as I have said, is not unaware of certain exemplars. The book is charmingly printed in colours, and the pictures show a good deal of fancy. Is it too Little Minister-like, however, to suggest that the vessel labelled "whiskey," to indicate that Old King Cole was a merry old soul, is a jar in more ways than one?

J. M. B.

CHILDREN AS ARTISTS.

The fashion of creating books for children has long been a vogue. But now we get books *by* children. Thus, Messrs. Dent have published a curious book, entitled "Animal-land, Where There Are No People." It consists of a series of pictures, suggested by Miss Sybil Corbett, aged four, and drawn by her mother under the little maid's directions. "Animal-land, where there are no people," says the child herself, "is quite near, only you can't see it. It is a kind of Garden Cage, with the North Pole and the sea always roughing and wavy. In the summer they like to be hotter and hotter, and in the winter colder and colder. They live by the North Pole, and in leafy places near. It is always light there, always day; they climb the poles and always play. That is Animal-land."



From "Luniland."

The drawings are certainly very grotesque, so peculiar, in fact, that Mr. Andrew Lang has actually been induced to write an introduction to them, headed with the legend, "No child must read this, and grown-up people had better not." Of course, Mr. Lang's point of view is quite different from Mr. Sully's, whose book upon a similar subject was recently reviewed in these columns. One may also refer to the illustrations in which Miss Dorothy Hope, a child of ten, has illuminated a pleasant little story by Miss Mary L. Pendered, entitled "To Luniland with a Moon Goblin," published at Wellingborough. The story tells how Queer Eye, a boy (like Dame Goose's lad, not very good nor yet very bad), went off to Luniland, saw many wonders, and so returned to bed, which, indeed, he had never quitted. There is fun and some not bad nonsense-verse in the little brochure, and the Dear Youngsters to whom the book is dedicated will, no doubt, listen wide-eyed. Of course, neither in manner nor in matter is it to be compared with "Alice," but, perhaps, no comparison is challenged. The author, however, might do well to note that the success of "Alice" lies in "touches of things common" till they rise to touch the spheres of the ridiculous. Extravagant imagination, working wholly outside the realm of the known, never convinces and cannot produce the ideal nonsense-story. The book is rendered a great deal more interesting to children and everybody by the illustrations by little Dorothy Hope. This clever little lady has never been out of the small country-town in which she was born, but she knows all about Luniland, for has she not been special artist there? Her talent is worth cultivating.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Palgrave only survived the publication of his second "Golden Treasury" by a fortnight. We owe too deep a debt of gratitude for the first to give anything but a gracious welcome to its successor. The sources were more limited; difficulties of every kind cropped up to hinder such perfection as the first anthology attained to. A just criticism must first acknowledge these hindrances, and then own that the choice of pieces from the great writers has been excellently made. After that one may fairly express some disappointment. Mr. Palgrave has compiled mainly from poets who have been writing since about 1850, and whose work is done. With Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Clough, Rossetti, to choose from, the collection is bound to be mostly good. But there is some downright inferior verse in it, verse which would not deserve a place even in a selection of nineteenth century lyrics which should aim at being representative of the age's thought and tendencies—a purpose alien to any good anthology. In doing justice to some neglected poets, Mr. Palgrave has overstepped the mark, and forced on us numerous samples of merely pretty verse. For instance, there are one or two charming things of Arthur O'Shaughnessy's; but presumably, because he is too little known, we are asked to know his second-best. Lord Houghton's sentimental jingles have been allowed in too freely, and there are very dull worthy poems by the Duke of Argyll and the late Professor Romanes. The omissions cannot be so severely commented on; but what stood in the way of getting in Emily Brontë's "No coward soul is mine"? After this dispraise one should say with delight that Barnes is done full justice to.

The solid essayist is gone from our midst, and the light one is apt nowadays to play a little too low for the taste of very polite readers. Mr. L. F. Austin is one of the few who have no more serious aim than to amuse, and yet contrive to be literary and graceful, even dignified. In "Certain Personal Matters" (Lawrence and Bullen) Mr. H. G. Wells proves that he, too, knows a middle way between solemnity and vulgarity. Read the papers in this book by all means. They will beguile you to idleness; will persuade gloomy humour away, and, in case the forms and fashions of reading appeal to you, they will delight you by their presentation of charming nonsense in excellent English.

Mr. Pett Ridge has turned another page in his career. He has written a tale that runs through a whole volume, and in it he is something more than the mere funny man. "Secretary to Bayne, M.P." (Methuen), is a love-story, in which a very exalted foreign personage, in disguise, gracefully condescends to a study of the social question in the East End of London, and to some mild Bohemianism in the West, for the sake of a charming young lady, whom fate has mixed up with Nihilists and spies and scoundrels. The exalted personage is not much of a joker, but Mr. Pett Ridge makes the most of the capabilities of his minor characters in this respect, and his old readers who look to him for fun will not be disappointed, though now he has let sentiment have its way.

The interest of the pre-Raphaelites has never altogether died down. There is enough left to give a hearty welcome to Mr. Holman Hunt's reminiscences when he publishes them. In the meanwhile there will be some curious and kindly readers of the little volume of verses by the late John Lucas Tupper which his friend, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, has sent out with a biographical preface. Tupper was not a relative of the famous Martin. He was a sculptor and a teacher of scientific drawing. He was likewise one of the inner circle of the pre-Raphaelites, and one can understand why, for the verses, imperfect as they are, are not echoes of other men's minds. He wrote one poem, at least, which Dante Rossetti liked unreservedly, a description, rather, an impression, of the Garden of Eden after Sixty Centuries. Here are two verses from it—

The flowers upon the trees
Are mixed with withered flowers,
And black shrivelled seeds
Of last year's growing.
There is no knowing
How long time ago—
If there were hours
And flowers did grow—
A hand took the flowers.

He must be coming,
These must be waiting.
Are the bees not humming?
Are they not translating
The golden pollen
From flower to flower?
Are they not debating
In converse sullen
About the hour?

The whole poem is exquisite, and had it been written by a man with the luck to make a name, it would be in all the recent anthologies.

Miss Quiller-Couch has chosen a wild and picturesque theme for her new Cornish story. Into the midst of a peaceful, well-doing, kindly community she brings a beautiful barbarian from afar, a Spaniard of Gipsy blood, an inhuman, evil-natured, fascinating creature, misunderstands'ood and misunderstanding. She steals hearts by her wiles, and crushes them, and she brings curses on the village—fire, plague, and death. When she has wrought her ill, she is caught up by a passing ship of horrid, unearthly appearance and is borne away—to the lower regions perhaps. She is not a very conceivable person as pictured in plain prose. Miss Quiller-Couch should have made her into a ballad, rather, if she wished to use her material artistically; but, nevertheless, "A Spanish Maid" (Service and Paton) makes an effective melodrama and marks a distinct advance in her powers.

"The Silver Fox" is a hunting-story which non-hunting readers need not fear. It has two writers, Martin Ross and E. OE. Somerville. Is one of them responsible for the breezy, out-of-door part, which has a most accurate appearance, and which is certainly very enjoyable, while

the other has put in all the fine touches of the love-story? This same love-story is the slightest thing, if you examine it, but woven with a delicacy which is as charming as it is unusual. The Irish atmosphere, that wraps the landscape and the personages round, is suggested by so true an artist that it makes the story far more genuinely Irish than pages of dialect or volumes of heavy explanatory circumstance would do.

The publishers of the story, Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen, have sent out another that makes a very different kind of appeal. "Wolfville" is the English edition of an American work by Mr. A. H. Lewis, evidently known to his circle over the Atlantic as "Dan Quin." It is a collection of tales about the highly picturesque and remarkable inhabitant of a settlement in the Rockies, where the solid virtues flourish, if little shootings and frequent carouses are necessities for the health's sake. The dialect makes it very hard reading, but if Bret Harte would seem to you worth while struggling through a foreign tongue for, then by all means read "Wolfville." It has a taste of its own, too. Its dry, smileless humour is worth extracting from the hard shell which the Old Cattleman's tongue encases it in.

o. o.

A LITTLE TYRANT.

The reproduction of the clever miniature by Miss Maud Cobb represents Lady Ingram's small Japanese spaniel, O Mimosa San, a dog which is exceedingly interesting by reason of its being one of the five smallest dogs in the United Kingdom. The colours of O Mimosa San are black and white; her nose is set well between her eyes; and at the time she was bought by Lady Ingram she was only thirty ounces in weight. Being



O MIMOSA SAN.

Reproduced from a Miniature by
Miss Maud Cobb.

so very small, she is very valuable, and one might truthfully say, with a literal meaning, that she is worth her weight in gold, as Lady Ingram paid a sovereign an ounce at a time when the tiny creature was not expected to live through the winter from sheer delicacy. But the spaniel's value has more than quadrupled since she has been under the tender care of Lady Ingram, who is well known for her knowledge and experience of dogs of all kinds.

But valuable as Mimosa is, her actual beauty is a matter of taste, for with her goggle-eyes of nondescript colour, her little turned-up nose and flattened mouth, she makes a quaint and almost grotesque picture, and, indeed, seems just as if she had come to life and stepped out from some curious Japanese embroidery or picture.

So much for her looks; as to her age, this is as uncertain as her temper, for now she frisks the youngest and most blithesome of puppies, now she snaps and is as crusty as an aged hound. Again, her precious life and adventures before her arrival in this land of fog are wrapt in mystery, though there are vague rumours of shipwreck and great hardships that she had undergone, a tale delightful in the telling, but, alas! to be mistrusted, for her frailty forbids all thought of hardship; and thus her former career must be left to the flights of the imagination. Lady Ingram herself is quite confident that Mimosa has come not from a plain tea-house, like her godmother in "The Geisha," but from the palace of the Mikado himself, or at least from the house of some great lady of Japan, who pampered and spoiled the pet, and even worshipped her as if she were some goddess. To this day Mimosa is so dainty and particular that she demands, and not only demands, but extorts, the utmost adoration and obedience from all who surround her. She will never eat save on the dinner-table with all the rest of her admirers, and then she goes and imperiously demands tribute from each diner's plate, steering her way with consummate deftness and skill between knives, forks, glasses, lamps, and table-decorations without so much as even knocking against anything. Now she takes a bit of fish, then a morsel of fowl, then a French-bean, which is her favourite food, even attempting to sip the champagne from the glasses (though this she is seldom allowed to do). Then, when wearied of this commonplace meal, she nibbles at the chrysanthemums and other flowers, as if they brought back some memory of the strange foods of her own native land. Nor is this the limit of her queer appetite. She has been known to eat two live meal-worms, refusing the third, however, as she probably found them, like the bird of Koko's song, "rather tough worms in her little inside."

But the greatest characteristic of this little dog is her inordinate opinion of her own size and strength, and her corresponding desire to fight all new-comers who do not suit her taste. The enormous bulk of Lady Ingram's St. Bernard dog does not prevent Mimosa from screwing up her little nose and spluttering with ungovernable rage and intent to slay; and she extends this murderous hate to all the doggy tribe save one, a rough-haired Airedale terrier, whom she worships with an unrequited love, for he will have none of her. He apparently declines to consider that his dwarfish adorer is a dog at all, though from good-nature, or perhaps, indifference, he allows her to playfully pull his feet or to drive her sharp little teeth into his stumpy tail without a snarl or other sign of his displeasure.



"WHO IS IT?"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

AN INCONSEQUENT EPISODE.

BY ELEANOR FOSTER.

Love that was dead and buried yesterday
 Out of his grave rose up before my face,
 No recognition in his look, no trace
 Of memory in his eyes, dust-dimmed and grey.

Christina G. Rossetti.

There was a big crush at Mrs. Sinclair's "At Home," and people were making slow progress through the rooms, looking cynical or bored or interested as the case might be.

For vivid, frank enjoyment, there were few faces to compare with one girlish one—a little flushed, with shining blue eyes, and soft, curly brown hair clustering about it.

She was a little country mouse, having a peep at the enchanted fairyland of London, and at her pleasure the grave face of her companion relaxed, and he forgot, for the moment, to find it all a weariness to the flesh and vanity and vexation to the spirit.

The girl wanted to know who everyone was and all about them; she thought them charming, and regretted that she did not live in London.

"Father hates it so," she said.

"Your father had a long spell of it," the man said. "But"—and he smiled very pleasantly—"we shall very soon have you among us, I hope, for more than a flying visit."

The girl blushed and grew shy, and then uttered an exclamation.

"Who is that?" she asked eagerly. "Look at her, there! That woman with the beautiful face and dark hair."

"That is Miss St. Quentin. She writes, you know. Writes well, too; her new book is an immense success, being neither cheap nor nasty."

"Oh! I've read it," Hilda Carson said, the pink flush deepening in her cheeks. "And I liked it ever so much. I read it out-of-doors, too, and it interested me all the time!"

"You consider that a severe test?"

"Very! And I am glad to have seen her. She is wonderful, with that clear, colourless skin, and those great eyes. I think—I think—" She hesitated a little.

"Well?"

"I think she is a woman nobody could help loving, if they knew her."

He laughed. Her fresh enthusiasm was amusing, and he rather enjoyed it for a change, but before he could speak again two or three people joined them, and he lost sight of Hilda for a little.

A good many people admired Miss St. Quentin, but very few even dimly guessed that, while writing the stories of others, her own life hid one away in an inner and very sacred chamber.

They said she was "not a bit impressionable," and, for all her beauty, very unlikely to break her own heart or anyone else's.

There were just two or three people—of whom Mrs. Sinclair was one—who doubted this dictum, and wondered if the delicate coldness of her manner did not hide at least as much of her nature as it revealed.

But even those who had so much discernment did not know—nobody knew—of that summer, eight years ago, when she and Jack Tremain had met in the old Suffolk mansion. Nobody knew of the long, long mornings in the orchard, talking over everything and anything, or sometimes sitting in the silence that is only possible between friends.

And nobody knew of the afternoons on the river, or the evenings in the moonlit garden, or the sudden, sharp ending to it all.

He was wrong and she was right, and they were both very proud, so she let him go, forgetting how hard a thing it is to be forgiven.

And there had been times when success had seemed a small thing to her, and life a very desert of loneliness, because she missed one voice in the chorus of praise that greeted her and one face in the many friendly ones that smiled upon her. For Mary St. Quentin had the virtue of her defects, and she was terribly faithful.

Six months ago Major Tremain had come home, but society had seen very little of him so far, though it was eager to lionise him and raved over the deed that gained him that coveted V.C.

Miss St. Quentin had not seen him at all, though she knew he was, for the moment, in town, and scanned the faces in park, and street, and party, in the hope she was half-ashamed of—that of seeing his.

She was always a centre of attraction, and had not been many minutes in Mrs. Sinclair's rooms before she was surrounded with a little crowd. She resigned herself to the inevitable, and was trying to forget her one insistent desire when her hostess came up with a bronzed, dignified man at her side.

"Miss St. Quentin, may I introduce Major Tremain to you?" she said, and then there was a little exclamation of mutual recognition, and ten minutes' ordinary chat, and—that was all.

All, yet not all. Who could say where it might end—the story begun in the Suffolk garden and, interrupted there, resumed in a London drawing-room, and to go on—perhaps?

No; certainly, certainly, her heart cried, Fate could not be so cruel as to mock her with a mere will-o'-the-wisp of a hope after all these years—these lonely, lonely years!

A man's voice broke in upon her thoughts. He was the same who had been talking to Hilda Carson in the evening, and Miss St. Quentin entertained a very kindly feeling for him.

She made room for him beside her, and they began to talk.

Presently Hilda passed by, looking so sunny and animated that Miss St. Quentin paused in her talk to look at her.

"What a dear little girl!" she said. "Who is she, Mr. Cresswell? I saw you talking to her just now."

"Little Miss Carson," he said, following the little white figure with his eyes. "She is General Carson's only daughter, and a very nice girl. A great admirer of yours, by the way, Miss St. Quentin."

"You must introduce us, by-and-by," Miss St. Quentin said, smiling. "She looks so fresh and nice. I don't think I ever saw her before."

"No; but I suppose she will be more in town after her marriage."

"Oh! is she engaged?"

"Why, yes! Didn't you know? She is engaged to Tremain—Major Tremain. It seems he went to stay with the Carsons, and that it was a case of love at first sight. All the other fellows in his regiment thought him a regular, hardened old bachelor, so it has been a good bit talked about."

Miss St. Quentin leant back and fanned herself slowly.

"You know Tremain, I suppose?" Mr. Cresswell continued, not looking at his companion as he spoke, but watching Hilda Carson as she stood talking to someone, with her sunny smile.

"Slightly," she said. "I used to know him years ago. He is—or was—very pleasant."

"Oh, yes! he's generally popular. Why," turning suddenly round, "I'm afraid you're not very well. Can I get you anything?"

"Nothing, thank you. It is only neuralgia," she said quietly. "I am afraid I must go. I am subject to it, and it is very bad to-night."

"I'm awfully sorry!"

He was all sympathy and eager proffers of assistance, and when he put her into her carriage shook hands with reiterated regrets.

"I hope the pain will be gone in the morning," he said.

She smiled at him with white lips, and then drove away.

But the pain did not pass in the morning.

IN PRAISE OF THE MODERN.

A *fico* for your "palmy days,"
 When each "fixed star" allowed no blaze
 Of minor light to mar it.
 Think you, could Vandenhoff or Brooke
 Placate the Mitre and the Crook
 Like Babylonian Barrett?

The tea-cup times of "School" and "Caste,"
 With Robertson, thank God, are past!
 Now, thanks to Penley,
 Does mirth Homeric shake the globe
 And Humour flirt its modern robe
 From Heaven to Henley.

Of Audran, Offenbach, Planchette,
 We hear some feeble echoes yet,
 Sad strains and ghostly.
 But we, though fossil critics snarl,
 Let Slaughter, Monckton, Jones, and Caryl
 Delight us mostly.

"Madame Favart," "La Grande Duchesse"—
 Good in their way, we must confess;
 But what a way!—Pshaw!
 Their tinkling numbers lack the ease
 That marks the measures Japanese
 Of our gay "Geisha."

Worn are the minted smiles and tears
 Of the Elizabethan years,
 And the Arch-Gilder
 Bows him a half-reluctant knee
 To those grim Trolls, "John Gabriel B.,"
 "The Master Builder."

Rococo grows the art of Wills;
 His history no longer thrills.
 Of shades still darker
 His costumed puppets seek the gloom,
 Robbed of their proper standing room
 By L. N. Parker.

The gaiety of nations died
 With Garrick; so the ancients cried—
 But no; not wholly,
 Not while to elevate mankind
 Shall scintillate the wit refined
 Of great Trickoli.

In short, the younger race who wait
 Before Fame's door importunate,
 Demand admission;
 And we, who, Henrik-like, uphold
 Their claim superior to the old,
 Accord permission. LOUIS J. M'QUILLAND.

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MISS BEATRICE LAMB IN "THE WHITE HEATHER," AT DRURY LANE THEATRE,
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE BLACK NAPOLEONS OF ST. HELENA.

Once again St. Helena has become the prison of Great Britain. Seventy-two years ago Napoleon entered on his six years' exile there, fretting and fuming in his superb loneliness, with nothing to survey but those seven-and-forty square miles which the little island is composed of. To-day three kinglets live in exile there—namely, Dinizulu, the son, Ndabuko and Tshingana, the brother and half-brother, of the great Zulu, Cetshwayo. It is not the mere fact of St. Helena being the prison that makes me speak of the exiled chiefs as "Black Napoleons," for the Zulu, since the beginning of the century, had been the greatest warrior in South Africa. When the English first landed at Port Natal, Chaka, the chief, dominated the whole of the south-eastern seaboard, from the Limpopo to Cape Colony. Chaka was killed by his brother in 1828, and succeeded by another, called Dingaan, who warred against the Boers and was defeated by them in 1838. The Cape Government took military possession of the country in 1841, and felt bound to blot out the Zulu under Cetshwayo in 1883-4. When the great chief died, or was poisoned, in 1884, the quarrel was continued by his son, Dinizulu, and in 1888 he and

most native women, as soon as she heard that the young mothers were likely to need her services. Those who have advocated the release of the chiefs argue that they will be welcomed by the whole Zulu people, who have never ceased to sorrow for the woes of their royal house. It will have the effect of convincing them—a conviction they are by no means slow to accept—that the Queen's Government means to deal fairly by them. As Mr. Escombe said some years ago, "There is not in the whole of her Majesty's possessions a race more loyal and more wronged than the Zulus."

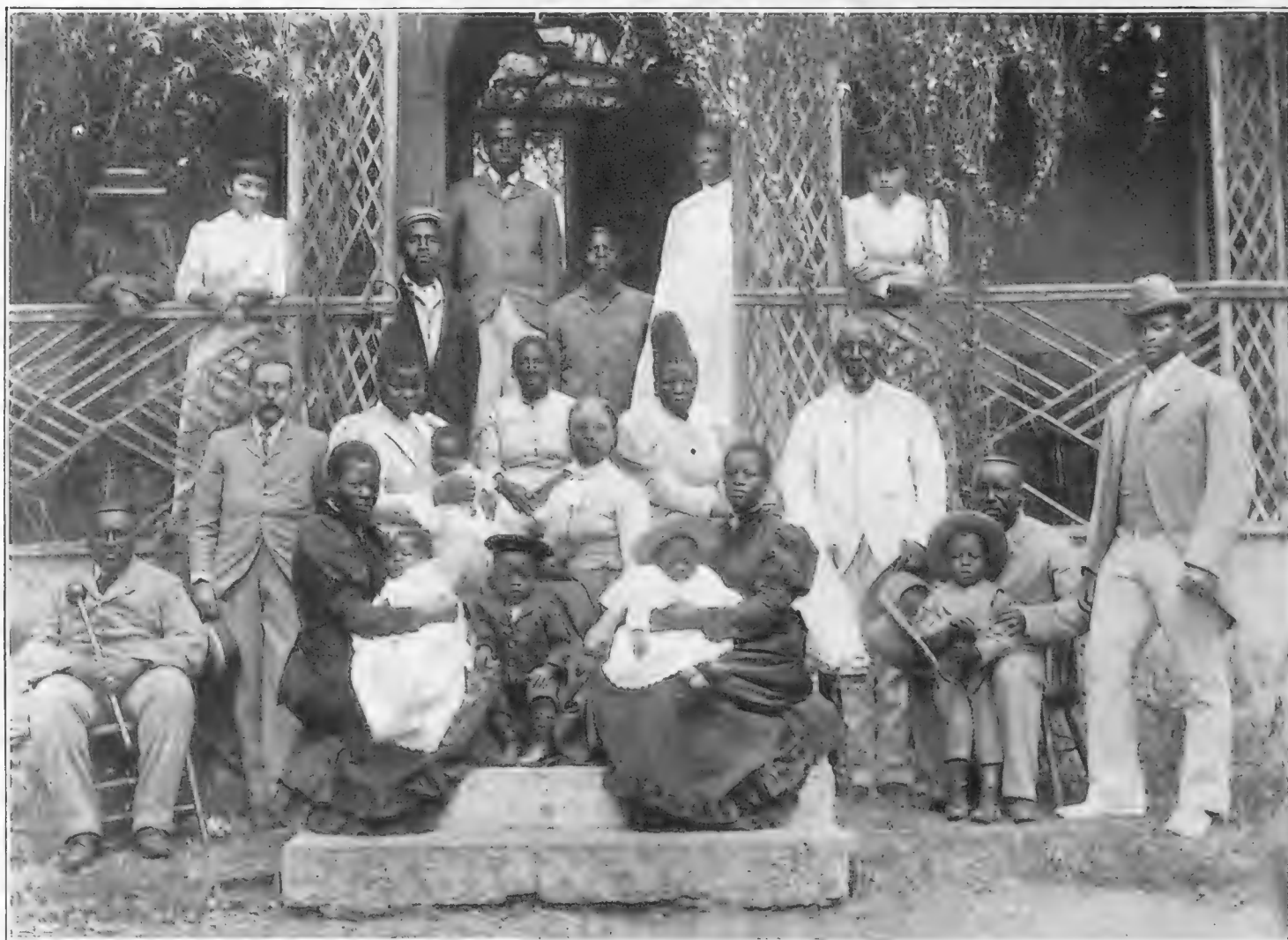
WHAT BECOMES OF OLD RACEHORSES.

At two years of age a racehorse usually commences its turf career—a career which may extend over four, five, or even six seasons. Nine- and ten-year-old horses, indeed, have been known to win races. The average age, however, at which a thoroughbred retires from public life may be taken as five years. It is obvious that only a very small proportion of these ex-racers are worth sending to the stud. Of course, "classic" horses and winners of important handicaps are, when past racing,

Mubi Nondenisa.
Dr. Welby. Tshingana's wife and baby.

Ndabuko's wife.

Paul's wife.
Paul Mtinkulu.



Ndabuko.

Dinizulu's wife (No. 1) and baby.

Miss Colenso.

Dinizulu's wife (No. 2).

Tshingana and his boy Bula.

Dinizulu.

THE BLACK NAPOLEONS OF ST. HELENA.

his uncles were banished to St. Helena. All the exiled chiefs are married, Dinizulu having actually two wives. As will be noted in the photograph, the wives of the elder chiefs have their hair dressed in the cone which is the proper coiffure of Zulu married women. This, however, cannot lawfully be done till all the marriage rites are duly completed; and, as this was impossible in Dinizulu's case (his marriage having taken place only during his exile), the brides had to be contented with a partial ceremony, and will only be able to dress their hair on their return home, after the remaining observances have been gone through. The old man in white is Paul Mtinkulu, a catechist from Capetown, who was invited by Cetshwayo, many years ago, to settle in Zululand and teach his people. When the chiefs were exiled, "Dr. Paul," as the Zulus call him, accompanied them of his own accord, and has since married a St. Helena woman. Mubi Nondenisa (fourteen) is a Natal native, originally from the Noodsberg district, but now settled at Bishopstowe—a convert of the late Bishop Colenso, and for some time the teacher of the Mission School. He accompanied Miss Colenso on her visit, and remained in the island for a year in order to help the chiefs to carry on their education. It may be mentioned that Dinizulu writes an excellent hand, and can speak and read English with facility, and write it tolerably well. The Zulu attendants who accompanied the party (or were sent out later by the Government) all came of their own free will; the old woman, Mbodiya, voluntarily undertook a journey which might well have terrified

exceedingly valuable for breeding purposes; but when an animal of the "selling-plate" class loses its speed, and is withdrawn from the turf, its fate is generally less happy.

At least fifty per cent. of the horses kept in training are of the plating class—animals that are little more than mere gambling mediums. Hundreds of these worn-out racers may be seen in the streets of London between the shafts of hansom-cabs; others are used as hacks or hunters; while a few are exported to India and South Africa, where they manage to hold their own for a season or two.

Broken-down racehorses have before now been put to the roughest of farm-work, and at the present time a baker in a little Wiltshire town possesses a thoroughbred which, besides running second in a couple of classic races, won several important events. This light of other days proved a failure at the stud, and, going blind, was sold to its present owner. Extremely docile, the old horse contentedly goes the rounds every morning, drawing a cartful of steaming loaves.

It has been found impossible to train racehorses for circus purposes, but, a few years ago, a Grand National winner, Voluptuary by name, figured in the steeplechase scene of the popular Drury Lane drama, "A Prodigal Daughter." In fact, the 1884 hero of the cross-country Blue Riband toured America with the play after its withdrawal from the London boards. Ilex, who won the National in 1890, is now used as a hack by A. Nightingall, who steered the horse to victory on that occasion.

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THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



OLD LADY : Has there ever been an accident with the wheel ?

MILLER'S MAN : Yes, Mum, there was a terrible accident ; a man fell 'tween th' wheel and th' wall an' that, when 'e lay an' die.

OLD LADY : Dear me ! Did you see it happen ?

MILLER'S MAN : Well, no, I didn't see it myself, but I've often 'eard my grandfather say as 'ow 'e knowed a man what saw it.



"You are a selfish old man, Papa; you never tell me I want a new hat, or that my dress looks shabby."
"No, my dear, I don't like to be so personal."



PHILOSOPHY.

"Well, it's better than swelled head, anyhow."



"MONEY-SPINNER."

BYRON'S FIRST ROMANCE.

"Had I married Miss Chaworth, perhaps the whole tenor of my life would have been different"; so wrote Lord Byron, and so it might have been; yet there is reason to doubt if even the consummation of his first love would have exercised the restraining influence which his turbulent spirit required, and the need of which he himself realised. For, deeply though Byron was in love with Mary Chaworth, and much though she, as a beautiful young woman, could inspire such affection in the breast of the youthful poet, it was only a boy's love for a girl, and, from what insight we can get into the character of his Mary, it is fairly evident that, had the two become united in marriage, the chances of the union having proved a happy one were very slight. Indeed, it would be more correct to say that such refining and purifying influence as Byron ever received from womankind, excepting the beautiful sympathy of his half-sister Augusta, came from the memory of his early passion for Mary Chaworth, and the fact that his youthful ideal of her had never been impaired by the closer contact of conjugal relationship. She always remained to him an inspiration, and her influence on his poetry was more elevating and hallowing than it is likely her influence as a wife would have been.

It was early in 1803 that Byron, then studying at Harrow, met Miss Chaworth in London, and during the summer vacation of that year the young master of Newstead resided with his mother in Nottingham, the Abbey being let at that time to Lord Grey de Ruthyn. The tenant of Byron's ancestral halls was very indulgent to the lad, however, and, knowing his great love for the old Abbey and its beautiful surroundings, he placed an apartment at Lord Byron's disposal. About three miles to the south-west of Newstead Abbey lies Annesley Hall, embowered in trees itself, though its farther surroundings may be truly described in Byron's lines—

Hills of Annesley! bleak and barren.

Annesley Hall was the property of Mary Chaworth—

Herself the solitary scion left
Of a time-honour'd race.

She, like Byron, was then a ward in Chancery. The Chaworths and the Byrons had long been the principal landowners in Nottinghamshire, and the two families had years before been brought into a relationship which gave in Byron's poetic fancy a romantic interest to his passion for the young woman. A historic duel is associated with the two names, Byron's grand-uncle and predecessor in the title—"the wicked Lord"—having in 1765 killed Mr. Chaworth, the cousin of Mary's father, in a foolish encounter, for which he was subsequently tried by the House of Lords and acquitted. The love of Byron for Mary Chaworth had thus in it something of the love of Romeo for Juliet. It is to this he refers in the following passage from one of his memorandum-books—

Our union would have healed feuds in which blood had been shed by our

Newstead, not now so much to be in the atmosphere of his forefathers as to be within easy distance of Annesley and his Mary. He tramped from the Abbey to the Hall day after day to enjoy the society of one who cared for him but slightly, always returning at night to Newstead, and alleging as his reason for not sleeping at Annesley that he was afraid of the family pictures of the Chaworths—he fancied "they had taken a grudge to him on account of the duel, and would come down from their frames at night to haunt him." But one night he imagined he saw a

"bogle" (Scots for ghost), on his way to Newstead, and after that he nightly braved the family pictures at Annesley, sleeping there during the remainder of the "six short summer weeks" spent in the company of Miss Chaworth.

Byron's time at Annesley was mostly passed in riding with Miss Chaworth and her cousin, sitting in "idle reverie," or in firing with a pistol at a door which opens from the terrace, and upon which the shot-marks may still be seen. But his greatest delight was to sit in the drawing-room listening to Miss Chaworth playing the Welsh air, "Mary Anne" (the Christian names of his innamorata), being his favourite piece. Yet all the time he knew that—

Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
Even as a brother—but no more.

Nor, as Moore points out, was it at all probable, in the event of her affections having been disengaged, that she would have selected Byron as the object of them. She seems to have always regarded him as a mere lad; her two years' seniority taking her into the edge of womanhood, whence she looked on Byron as only a schoolboy. And we are not greatly impressed with the young lady's charity, since we know that a chance remark of hers—"Do you think that I could care anything for that lame boy?"—overheard by Byron, wounded him to the soul, and sent him away at once from Annesley, though late at night, heedless of all "bogles," never stopping till he reached Newstead Abbey.

A year had gone before they met again, and on the hill at Annesley—the spot is pointed out to this day—the last interview, so beautifully recorded in "The Dream," the chief poetic souvenir of his first romance, took place—

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green, and of mild declivity, the last
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and cornfields.

And both were young, and one was beautiful:
And both were young—yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the verge of womanhood;
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him; he had look'd
Upon it till it could not pass away.



MARY CHAWORTH.

From a Miniature in the possession of Mr. A. Abbott.



TERRACE WHERE BYRON USED TO STROLL.

Photo by Bell, Nottingham



VIEW OF ANNESLEY HALL, SHOWING THE TERRACE.

Photo by Bell, Nottingham.

fathers; it would have joined lands broad and rich; it would have joined at least one heart, two persons not ill-matched in years (she is two years my elder), and—and—and—what has been the result?

During the vacation of the year 1803, Mrs. Byron, then staying in Nottingham, saw little of her son, and Nottingham saw less. He took full advantage of Lord Grey's invitation to occupy a chamber at

"The next time I see you," said Byron in parting with Miss Chaworth, "I suppose you will be Mrs. Musters?" and she answered, "I hope so." His departure is thus referred to—

He pass'd
From out the massy gate of that old Hall,
And mounting on his steed he went away;
And ne'er repass'd that hoary threshold more.

The statement that the lover never again repassed the "hoary threshold" is rather more than a poetic licence. Miss Chaworth gave her hand and heart to Mr. John Musters in 1805; but, while accepting



MARY CHAWORTH'S "FAITHFUL LITTLE MAID," AND THE DOOR AT WHICH BYRON USED TO SHOOT.
Photo by Bell, Nottingham.

these, he surrendered only his hand in return. Their marriage joined the estates of Annesley and Wiverton to that of Colwick, Mr. Musters adding the historic name of Chaworth to his own patronymic. The union was not a happy one, Mr. Musters having a cold, unsympathetic nature, although, like most of his family, he was a man of considerable personal attraction.

It was not till the end of the year 1808 that Byron saw his Mary again, and for the last time. Shortly before his departure from England he was invited to dine at Annesley, and there he went to meet Mr. and Mrs. Musters, the latter now a

mother. The sight of their little daughter was a trial to the poet's sensitive nature, and the bitter-sweet sensations of the moment are recorded for us in the touching stanzas—

Well! thou art happy, and I feel
That I should thus be happy too;
For still my heart regards thy weal
Warmly, as it was wont to do.

Thy husband's blest—and 'twill impart
Some pains to view his happier lot:
But let them pass—Oh! how my heart
Would hate him if he loved thee not!

When late I saw thy favourite child,
I thought my jealous heart would break:
But when th' unconscious infant smiled,
I kiss'd it for its mother's sake.

Mrs. Musters was at Colwick Hall in the winter of 1831, when the great Reform Riots took place, and the fright which she received when the mob looted the Hall, together with the shock to her delicate system occasioned by hiding in the shrubbery from the violence of the rioters, most probably hastened her end, the fair object of Byron's early and purest love dying in February 1832. But she had been out of her mind before the poet's fiery spirit went home in that thunderstorm at Missolonghi eight years previously, for the last sad stanza of "The Dream" wails out—

My dream was past; it had no further change.
It was of a strange order, that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
Almost like a reality—the one
To end in madness—both in misery.

Memory-haunted Annesley Hall is still much the same as it was when Byron went there laden with his hopeless love for its young owner; the room in which Mary used to beguile him with her music and most of the other apartments contain many interesting relics of the poet and his lost love. Chief among the treasures is the pencilled original of the following lines written by Byron after the marriage of Miss Chaworth—

Hills of Annesley! bleak and barren;
Where my thoughtless childhood strayed
How the northern tempests warring
Howl above thy tufted shade!
Now no more the hours beguiling,
Former favourite haunts I see;
Now no more my Mary smiling,
Makes ye seem a heaven to me.

There are a number of portraits and miniatures of Mrs. Musters at the Hall, preserved with reverent care by her great-grandson, the present owner of the Chaworth-Musters estates; the beautiful miniature which accompanies this article, and which is here reproduced for the first time, having been a gift of Mrs. Musters to a faithful retainer, from whose hands it came into those of its present possessor. The old lady seen sitting near the door at which Byron used to shoot was Mary Chaworth's "faithful little maid." She attended her mistress during the last seven years of her life, and died ten years ago, in her eighty-third year, having been a valued servant at Annesley for upwards of sixty years.

J. A. HAMMERTON.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The first great election of Greater New York has come and gone, and the victory of Tammany is complete. Once more has organisation proved its ability to make up for inferiority in numbers, intellect, and morality; and the "Boss" who began his career as a strategist of street-rows is now the practical ruler of a province richer, more populous, and of far more importance, except as regards area and antiquities, than the unlucky kingdom about which so much noise has been and is now being made. It has also been proved, to the satisfaction of some Americans and all Englishmen, that "Boss" Croker does *not* know the Prince of Wales. Possibly Mr. Croker's nominee, the Mayor who reigns but lets Tammany govern, may condescend to offer a foreign prince a cigar, when he is not engaged in the pleasing task of eating beefsteaks for a wager; but no further is condescension to be carried. The dignity of an Irish-American "boss" must be maintained at all costs—and the costs are likely to prove considerable.

The American newspapers, or some of them, have been working off their own disappointment at the result by resenting British comments on the election. And indeed it is possible that our journalists may be really ill-informed on the question, for their information is presumably derived from their Transatlantic brethren of the trade. But it is greatly to be wished that the citizens, journalistic and other, could make up their minds whether Great Britain is a foreign state or merely a disaffected member of their own federation. Their theory of international intercourse would seem to be that England may be addressed in the tone that American Republicans use to American Democrats, or English Radicals to English Tories—or *vice versa*—but must only respond in the tone used by France, let us say, to Germany.

It is possible that even Tammany is not so black as it is painted by the zealots of reform; it is not improbable that the major and minor bosses (who seem for the most part to be known by nicknames, as is the way with habitual criminals) may have sufficient shrewdness to take warning by their last shake, and abstain from becoming too outrageous. But the general result of the election is plain. The government and the revenues of the greatest city of America are in the hands of the confessed organisers and even defenders of municipal corruption. The men in power are the same who formerly reduced the city administration to a system of blackmail. If their actions now are better than before, it will be from selfish prudence and the desire for a lengthened term of power.

Far be it from us to be ostentatiously and Pharisaically thankful that we are not as other men, or even as this New Yorker. Jobbery is not unknown even now, and was widespread in older days. If we have escaped the fate of our Tammany-ridden cousins, it is more by good luck than by any superior incorruptibility. London is too big and amorphous to be worked by a "boss"; the relics of its older government still hamper the efforts of a party caucus; the foreign element in its population is far less important, and does not possess votes to any great extent. And those who would "capture" London municipal organisation for a political party are working for power and importance, and not for the spoils of office. Still, corruption would not be long excluded if one party succeeded in monopolising power by skilful organisation. A privileged body of municipal workmen, all with votes and all obedient to the will of the party that gave them their employment, might conceivably control the County Council elections. The power and influence of the greatest municipality in the world might be persistently used to restrict the interference of the central government. A skilful and not too scrupulous party leader might rule the Metropolis despotically by doing for the Progressive Party what Parnell did for the Home Rulers.

Corruption would not long lag behind. The privileges of municipal servants and workmen would become rewards for past votes and services, and bribes for future electioneering help. The privileged body would be a sort of Prætorian Guard of London, and we know that the Prætorians finally put up Rome to auction. Place at the head of a trades union of County Council employes a John Burns who could hold his tongue, and your "boss" would be ready-made. Personally he might be incorruptible, but those around him would not be so. There are those who outdo the Jesuits in holding that the end justifies the means; to secure the ascendancy of their principles they would copy the administrative system of their idol Kruger, Hollanders and all. There are those, again, who in any party are consciously "on the make." Organise these, and you have Tammany.

Believers in the essential virtues of democracy, including our Colonial Secretary to a certain extent, have been shocked by the late overthrow of the "good government" party in Greater New York. But the spectacle is as old as democracy. Plato describes the generation of the tyrant, the usurping despot. He arises as the champion of the democrats; he unites and organises them, comes to power as their leader, and rewards them with public money—in fact, he begins as a "boss." Unless imposed by foreign force, or winning his place by force of arms alone, the tyrant always begins as a "boss."

Would it not be tyrannicide to kill a "boss"? He is surely a tyrant in the egg—and a bad egg, too.

MARMITON.

HOW I BECAME A MODEL.

Years ago in Paris, when Julian's School for male students was flourishing in the Rue du Faubourg St. Denis, the ladies had their atelier, under the same benign rule, in the Passage du Panorama. The wise Julian, to baffle the enterprising spirit of the fellow-students, had discreetly interposed several blocks of houses between the two Schools of Art. The Passage du Panorama was at that time, therefore, for us men, something like a fortress of the Amazons, but yet more strict, for the female warriors sometimes allowed the men to visit their isle, whereas the little yellow door of the ladies' atelier was a perfect *muraille de Chine* against the stronger sex. The great Julian himself, professors, and models, of course, were admitted within the sacred edifice; but the brothers, fathers, and friends that accompanied the girls were pitilessly left at the door by *la Madame*, a large woman who was in charge and acted Cerberus at the gate.

One fine day I was writing, and had to illustrate an article for an American magazine, and found it necessary to the same, or at least highly desirable, to get a sight of the interior of the ladies' atelier in the Passage du Panorama. I applied to Julian for permission. He kindly but firmly refused to have me in the atelier when the girls were there. "C'est impossible; le règlement est formel. The only thing I can do is to show you the room towards evening, when the girls are gone." "Thanks," I said. "I don't think it will be worth while to trouble you."

What was the use, thought I, of seeing an empty room with all the easels carefully ranged against the walls? Only a skeleton, a cage when the birds are flown. What I wanted was to see the place filled with pretty girls, busy at work; to hear their chat, to note the actual effect. I was a little piqued at Julian's refusal. The strict prohibition only whetted my curiosity. I wanted material for a sketch. I decided to get it; but how? I was curious to compare the girls' atelier with our own smoky den in the Faubourg St. Denis, with its continual noise and many more or less rowdy frequenters. It must be like Dante's Inferno and Paradiso, I thought to myself.

"How could I go?" I was asking myself one Monday morning, whilst setting my palette at the Atelier in Faubourg St. Denis. It was the day for voting the models for some weeks in advance. Thus, some dozen Italian fellows had already taken their places on the platform, in different poses; there was every kind of type, from the brigand-like Calabrian with sunburnt face, to a red-haired fellow who might serve for a model of Christ.

"Quelle exposition de pain d'épices!" remarked a Frenchman beside me, at this show of gingerbread-coloured faces. "Hullo!" thought I, "am I not a gingerbread face myself, and an Italian to boot? Might I not go as a model?" Sure enough I could speak French with a Macaroni accent, as the Italian accent is called by the Parisians! This will be my best, my only safe passport into the Amazon stronghold. There was one difficulty, and that a great one—Charles, the colour-dealer, a good-natured Savoyard, had free entrance into both ateliers, and Charles had sold me too many tubes of his "indelible waterproof" to pass me unrecognised, however well disguised. Unprepared, he would be certain to show surprise, or would perhaps burst out laughing at my appearance. Then, alone and helpless, I might be treated as is the false pilgrim that dares to pass the seventh cincture of the Tomb of the Prophet at Mecca.

It was not, however, difficult to persuade Charles to wink at my proceedings. Not only did he promise to keep my secret, but he furnished me with a complete dress belonging to a "model" friend of his, the most artistically patched suit of clothes I have ever seen—really a beautiful thing in its way, highly decorative, and might have been the pride of the Panthéon Arrondissement, the most Latin spot in the whole Latin Quarter.

To fill a strange part, be it of the humblest—to carry it out so perfectly as to avoid detection in real life, is not an easy thing. The first time I put on the queer clothes, I found that I looked too clean, too well-shaven, to be mistaken for a real model. Indeed, I was like a false coin, that might pass with the good in a heavy payment, but would not stand alone or bear a close examination. I therefore let my beard grow for three days, until my chin looked like a prickly-pear, then decided that I was ready to play my part. I went to Charles's abode, a garret on the Quai St. Michel, and there made my toilet—a long and elaborate one, for I was obliged to blacken my hands and my linen by rubbing in a little charcoal; then, after the finishing touches, I gave a last glance at the looking-glass, saying, "Now I am perfect. I might take in even Daddy Julian."

Emerging from the Quai St. Michel, I found myself blocked at the Pont Neuf by the funeral of a senator, or some such important personage. Sergeants-de-ville were very busy in roughly clearing the crowd out of the way. "Circulez! Move on, there!" said a heavily moustached policeman, shaking me by the arm. "Move on, Macaroni!"

The insult, which under other circumstances would have made my blood boil, filled me with delight. "Good!" thought I. "Good! My disguise is perfect." And I made my way out of the crowd as quickly as possible. But philosophy brought sad thoughts on the top of this. "How much," said I to myself, "do clothes do! Outside appearance is everything in this world! Had I been well dressed, the Sergeant had spared me the insulting epithet of 'Macaroni' and the rough shake would have been a polite 'Pardon, M'sieu!'"

Montesquieu in his "Lettres Persanes" reads a moral when he describes the surprise of M. le Persan on losing all the attention he had enjoyed in Paris, as a consequence of having exchanged his gorgeous Persian costume for the Parisian frock-coat. Engrossed in these considerations, perfectly unconcerned by the noise of the street, I walked

automatically to the entrance in the Passage du Panorama, to the outside door and donjon-keep of the fortress.

I entered, mounted the stairs, but was quickly recalled by the concierge, a female of colossal frame, a sort of Grenadier of the First Empire, who, in a peculiarly gruff voice, demanded where I was going.

"To the Academy to ask for a week," returned I. The Grenadier retired into her hole, grumbling something that I could not make out, and I was free to proceed. The first barrier of the stronghold was surmounted, and I stood with my hand on the door-bell above, when from a dark corridor facing me I saw the silhouette of M. Julian plainly defined on the obscure background. This was a shock! The presence of Julian would ruin everything. I had reckoned on his absence that day, on account of the monthly competition in the Rue St. Denis, for which he had to judge. Was I mistaken? But my fears did not last long; I soon discovered that the man in question was a figure painted by the gay demoiselles on the panel of a door, and fear alone could have produced such a hallucination, for the caricature had golden hair, and Daddy Julian is black as a crow. During this agitating experience I must have mechanically rung the door-bell, for the door opened, and, like a Jack-in-the-Box, my Cerberus, the large Madame, emerged.

"It is no use to come here!" she said, with an angry countenance. "There are models engaged for the next two months to come."

"But, Madame," I said, "I have been told I could get work here; Filippé told me——" I could say no more, but bent my head in the doorway to prevent the door being shut in my face. Cerberus, moved, perhaps, by my humility and numerous patches, or by Filippé's name, changed her mind, let me pass, and led me into a secluded corner of the atelier, divided off from the large room by a screen, on which the girl-students had painted the funniest caricatures of their teachers. There I was confined; a narrow place, the narrower because I shared it with two dirty brooms and several indefinite implements of the atelier. Over the top of the screen I could see the back of the head of the model, a girl with red hair, who looked very like the fiery Sarah Brown. Sarah Brown was one of the most stubborn models of the Rue St. Denis Atelier, and well known to everybody, from Carolus Duran to Rochegrosse, who had painted her in his "Sardanapalus." She would know me at once. I could not play my part before her. I was just racking my brains for an excuse to leave the place, when the clock struck three, and Sarah Brown, jumping down from the platform, came into my hiding-place to get something from her satchel. I made a sign of silence, and she understood at once. It was a tremendous piece of luck, really, for half a minute later Cerberus showed me the platform where I was to pose.

The atelier looked very bright, with about a hundred pretty girls crowded into a comparatively small space, with their respective easels and canvases. Almost all of them wore a plain, light-coloured blouse, and a paper cap very much in the shape of those worn by the Sisters of Charity. These white paper caps in continual movement gave the crowd the appearance of a field of butterflies. What a difference between our den and this place! Here everything is bright and white, whilst in the Rue St. Denis the decorative effect is that of a mass of dark colour in a smoky room. That is the prose, and this is the poetry of art in comparison.

In one corner of the painting-room was the skeleton for anatomical studies; it was carefully ordered and treated with the respect due to the dread memento. In this, too, the ladies differed from us, and with advantage. The male students burlesqued their skeleton by putting a pipe in its mouth and playing it every conceivable trick that came into their heads. Women, thank heaven, are not cynical. The few caricatures *les charges* hung about the walls were not so good as those of the Rue St. Denis, where Daddy Bouguereau, Julian, and many another are so fearfully and so cleverly satirised.

In my serious study of the locale, and while changing a pose, my eye met that of Charles the colourman, seriously engaged in showing a new sketching-stool to the demoiselles, and carefully avoiding a glance at me for fear of laughing. A young French girl came in front of me, looked at my blackened hands, and, thinking I should not understand, asked in very bad English, "What is dirtier than a dirty Italian?" "Give it up," said the bystanders. "A clean German," was the answer, made to specially annoy a tall blonde in the corner, a daughter of the race then so detested in France. The blonde justly resented the vulgar jest, and I was almost prepared for a duel between the two Amazons, when a pretty French girl with a tiny Watteau face saved the position with a *mot*: "Pas de politique, M. Deroulède, vous avez tort!" Everybody laughed, M. Deroulède being then the characteristic personification of revenge for all France.

After this slight skirmish, the atelier again took on its cosmopolitan character. The thing was getting interesting. I heard some complimentary remarks upon myself, and some that were the reverse, and was really enchanted with my new profession, when the *massier* who had counted the votes said to me, "Your week is given, and you can go."

"Donnez-moi votre adresse!" said Cerberus with bureaucratic magnificence.

Here was a new difficulty; I had not thought of this! I was living in an English boarding-house in the Avenue Jena, and I could not give that address. Fortunately enough, the address of a friend of mine, who lived in a garret, came into my mind, and I quickly wrote that down and made my way to the door, thankful to have got off so easily.

Two months later, I was painting in Venice, in the pretty court of St. Gregorio, when the postman gave me a letter, evidently from Paris. I opened it, and found that Scarabocchio was requested to go to the Atelier du Passage du Panorama, to take his pose! Enclosed was a letter from my friend, asking me what on earth the whole thing meant.

I had forgotten all about it.

RICCARDO NOBILI.

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

The best Scotch in "The Little Minister" is that spoken by Mr. Mark Kinghorne, Miss Mary Mackenzie, and Mrs. E. H. Brooke. His accent as Sneeky Hobart is Scotch of the Scotch, and yet Mr. Mark Kinghorne is a native of London, where he was born in 1851 and educated at the British and Foreign College of Preceptors. His first professional appearance was made at the Strand Theatre in April 1867, after which he had several years' hard work and close study in the provinces, principally with Mr. James Rogers, of Birmingham, and Mr. J. R. Newcombe, of Plymouth. Returning to town, he had a short season with the late Mr. Bellew at St. George's Hall (in a production of "Hamlet"), after which he played Trenitz in a version of "Madame Angot" produced by Mrs. W. H. Lyston, and then toured for some seasons with Mr. Edward Terry as principal comedian, stage-manager, and musical director. Then he spent two years with Miss Marie Grey, travelling through India, Australia, and New Zealand, and on his return he had two seasons in old English comedy with Miss Kate Vaughan at the Haymarket Theatre and on tour. In 1890 he made an important reappearance in town at Terry's as Arthur Laws in "The Judge," before starting for a tour in South Africa with various Gaiety burlesques and comedies; but, unfortunately, while in Johannesburg he contracted a serious illness, which resulted in being invalided home and an enforced rest of six months. Since then he has created the part of Catchpole in "The County Councillor" at the then Trafalgar Square Theatre, and has spent two years with Mr. Arthur Bouchier's company. He was unusually good as the Scotch servant in "The Chili Widow." Quite recently he figured in "Miss Francis" of Yale at the Globe Theatre. Mr. Kinghorne has also played in many pantomimes at the principal provincial theatres, and was a member of the late Sir Augustus Harris's company for "Mother Goose," as well as having been "corner man" and leading bass in a minstrel troupe, and having figured in ghost shows and as a circus clown and a sailor. He has also passed as a civil engineer, and now, to fill up his spare time, runs a scientific and photographic business.



MR. MARK KINGHORNE.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street, W.

Accessions to the fast diminishing list of sweet ballad-singers are always welcome. Miss Edith Courtney, who is now singing at the Alhambra, possesses a fine contralto voice, which she manages with skill and a clear enunciation of the words of her songs. As yet, she is not widely known to the London public, as she has devoted herself to the lyric stage in Australia and America. Last Christmas she appeared as the Fairy Godmother in the pantomime at the Grand Theatre, Islington. This year she is engaged at the St. James's Theatre, Manchester, as "principal boy" in the forthcoming Christmas production. She has youth, a pleasing appearance, a charming voice, and a good musical method. Her ballads are a most pleasing variation to the usual music-hall programme.



MISS EDITH COURTNEY.

Photo by Falk, Sydney.

for a long time. Born in Liverpool, he went, as a youth, to America, having only once since visited the Old Country, though he says he has made a very proper compromise between his native and adopted lands by marrying a Canadian girl; but, as he had only two hours wherein to pack his trunk for his present trip, she (to use his own words) "became the girl

I left behind me with a rather bad grace." Mr. Ganthony declines to enumerate all the parts he has played, as it would take a short lifetime, for they have embraced all lines of business. However, before he became the grim opium-smoking Chim Fang, he was a jovial and herculean Taffy in "Trilby," being the only Englishman to play the part in America, with the exception of Mr. Tree's company, while in earlier days he had made a most excellent English fop in "Rory o' the Hill," as well as scoring as Prince Doria, an imitation of Romeo, in "The Lady of Venice," given at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, with Katharine Clemens as the "star," though before that he had made old-men parts his exclusive line, enjoying both comedy and tragedy equally. He is a brother of Mr. Robert Ganthony, whose play, "A Brace of Partridges," was produced at Kingston on the 15th, and also of Miss Nellie Ganthony, the well-known and clever entertainer.

Miss Mary Mackenzie, the delightful Jean in "The Little Minister," is to be congratulated on making so eminently successful a first appearance at one of our leading West-End theatres. Miss Mackenzie is the daughter of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, whose music adds so much to the charm of the piece, but she is a hard worker, and is slowly but surely climbing the ladder of fame, having started on the lowest rung. She is a native of Edinburgh, but spent most of her childhood in Italy, and when sixteen became a student at the Royal Academy of Music, where she had the advantage of studying elocution under the late John Millard and William Farren. Two years since she joined Mr. Ben Greet's repertoire company, and with it gained much valuable experience, for five months playing all sorts of parts, from "heavy thinking" ones to such rôles as Kitty Clive, Georgina Vesey, and Constance Neville, after which came six weeks in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," five months as Dacia in "The Sign of the Cross," and plenty of practice in pastoral plays during the summer months. Miss Mackenzie has also toured with Mr. Abud's No. 1 "Prisoner of Zenda" company as Princess Flavia, returning to Mr. Ben Greet for his recent season at the Olympic Theatre. Her repertoire is a large one, and includes such parts as Audrey, Celia, Nerissa, Lady Capulet, Mabel Vane, Loyse, Galatea, Beatrice, Rosalind, and many more; and, besides being a clever musician and talented linguist, she is "apt with the foils," and her favourite pastime is riding. As yet, it may be noted, Miss Mackenzie has not replaced her horse by a bike.



MISS MARY MACKENZIE.

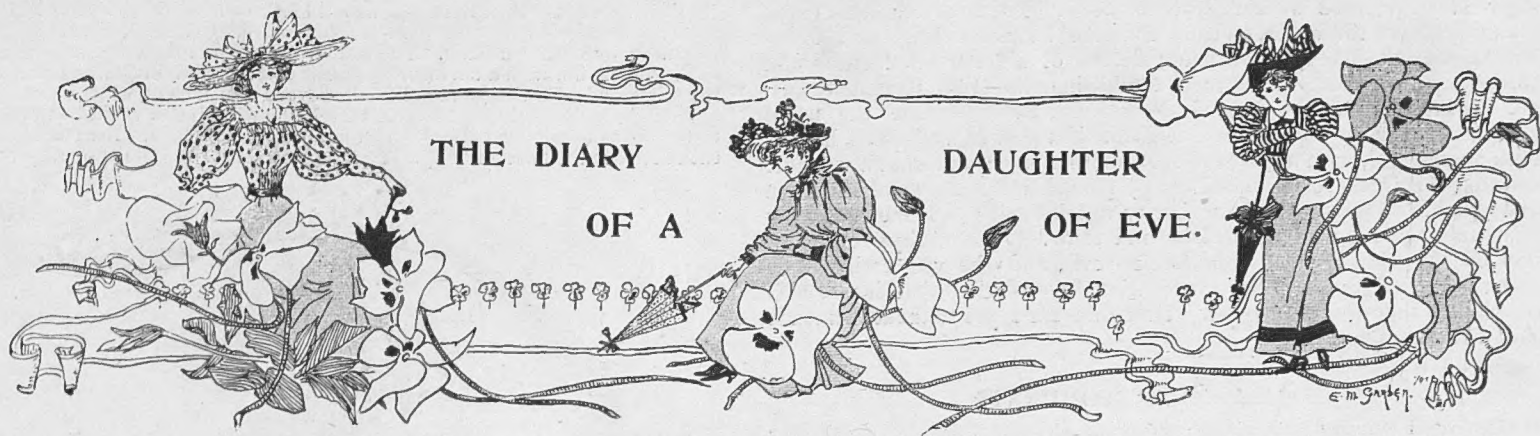
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

There will be very little to attract in the pantomimes this year, so far as novelties are concerned. I hear that Oscar Barrett is not producing any, and that Arthur Collins has cut the ballet from Drury Lane, and will only present a short aerial one. He is under the impression that the taste for ballet is dead, and, though on this matter I respectfully venture to disagree with him, the affair is his and not mine. I only regret to think that we shan't have the ballet. If "The Children of the King" be produced at the Court for a continuous series of holiday matinées, it ought to do very well, for there is no doubt in the world that it is a really charming play. Apart from Drury Lane and the Court, the best pantomimes will be near London, but not really in it. The Grand Theatres at Islington and Fulham will be well supplied, and I am told that George Edwardes is arranging a very pretty production for the Grand Theatre at Croydon, which is now under his control. One thing is certain, the London theatres that do not enjoy the advantages of a very popular programme may look forward to a dull Christmas season.

The absence of Oscar Barrett's name from the list of pantomime producers makes a light season for Madame Katti Lanner, who is usually at this season of the year one of the hardest-worked women in London. I do not think that she is glad of the unusual respite, for the work is her very life. As things happen, though, she is very busy with the new Empire ballet, which, *entre nous*, will specially appeal to the Fourth Estate. It should be produced next month, as all concerned are very hard at work upon it, and Wilhelm's lovely designs for the dresses have already been approved by the directors. Beyond all doubt, Wilhelm is a genius, and, as Madame Lanner is another, and Leopold Wenzel another, we may look forward with confidence to a real good thing.

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Monday.—I have succumbed. I knew I should. I spent the whole morning at Hengler's Skating Rink, and the whole afternoon at Niagara. It was with much difficulty I found my feet, with infinite trouble and no grace I managed to stand up, and with exceeding joy that I at last resigned myself into the hands of an instructor, when, as the advertisements of patent medicines would say, I skated "as well as ever I did." The family is inclined to say "Humph!" at this observation. There are many disadvantages in possessing a family. There is great pleasure in finding an instructor who realises that his first duty is to make his pupil *look* as if she can skate. You hand him a ticket and he does the rest. I know many women, who cannot stand up alone on the rink, who waltz along gaily under the intelligent direction of an instructor who knows his business, and yet last season there were some unappreciative souls who ventured to speak ill of instructors. This is a censorious world! Now I have once broken the ice I shall skate daily. Florrie declares this does not sound safe. As an excuse for gossiping, lounging, and many afternoon-teas, I know no place more alluring than the skating-rink. I am going to try and persuade my doctor to order me to skate; exercise is good for me, inactivity my besetting sin, and what is the use of having a tame medical attendant if you cannot get him to command you to follow your pleasure? One day when I have time I shall write a pamphlet on the uses of doctors. These are not many, and the few there are are not appreciated to the full. I shall wait for a moment when I feel in perfect health, or until my personal medical attendant is yachting, where he cannot get the papers.

None of the women who were skating to-day were very smart; the gown of last year seems to be still absorbing their best affections, but, for a cheap costume, the best I saw had a shirt of tomato-red velveteen, price possibly thirty shillings, not more; a skirt of black serge lined with tomato-red, and worn over petticoats of the same shade; a small velvet toque with a cluster of many-coloured chrysanthemums at one side, these being scarcely raised above the crown.

Diana was executing wonderful figures in the centre of the rink. One of the accomplishments Diana undoubtedly possesses is skating, and she dresses the part well, too. She was in black to-day, with a couple of rows of sable on her skirt and a blouse-bodice of velvet embroidered with jet, with a touch of sable and ivory lace at her throat and a small jet toque on her well-coiffed head. She did look nice, and she invited me to join her cheery tea-party, at which there was some malecontent grumbling at the want of a sense of the decorative which prevails in England. He was saying that, at the Palais de Glace, in Paris, the pictorial charm of the tea-parties is so much enhanced by the brilliant silver kettles, beneath which burn blue flames. I do not care whether my kettle be silver or the flame blue or green so long as my tea is hot; but, then, a poetic soul is not my characteristic.

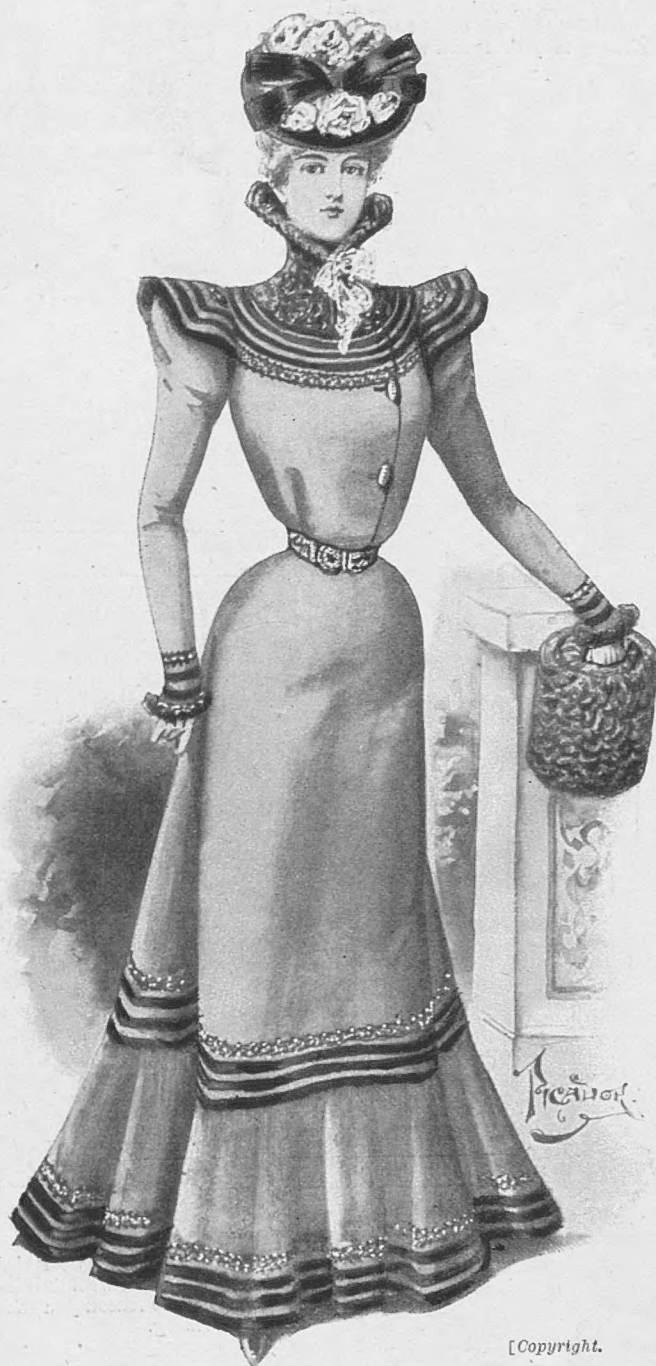
Wednesday.—There are many things which a woman does not reveal to her dearest friend, among them the name of her dressmaker, the

address of her milliner, and where to procure the special scent she uses. I am bound to prove myself superior to most women; anyone may know I buy my clothes at Jay's—if they disbelieve it, they should look at my banking account; my hats all come from Esmée's, in Brook Street, and my scents from that dépôt quaintly named the "4711," at 62, New

Bond Street. We understand to-day the art of perfuming better than we did, and we strike a happy medium between being guileless of scent and so much over-scented that the mere entrance of a woman into a room makes the odour of patchouli depressingly overwhelming. We use scent now with much discrimination—sachets of scent-powder nestle in our cupboards and wardrobes, and are sewn into our stays, and shed their pleasant influence on our clothes, our gloves, and our veils. In that book, "The Larramys"—and what an excellent book it is!—the scent-sachets of his lady-wife were a revelation to the farmer. I wonder if she used "Rhine Violet" from 62, New Bond Street? I do, and it is a joy; but I always buy the powders by the half-pound, and have all my soaps and scents to match. Confusion of scents is a great mistake; you should choose one and keep to it. The "Rhine Gold" is a good scent too, and there is no Eau-de-Cologne as good as that labelled "4711." What a fantastic notion it is to call this place by a number, it sounds as alluringly mysterious as one of Gaboriau's or Dumas' novels. I do not know what its author intended it to imply, but, to me, it means the best quality of scent and soap and powder, hence I respect it. I think of addressing my friends thus at Christmas: "Any enterprising lady or gentleman who wishes to solidly testify their appreciation of my charms may prove their devotion by a liberal expenditure at 62, New Bond Street—voluntary contributions only being accepted."

Thursday.—I have just met a dress made of the new Abbess blue which pleases me very much, and, being pre-eminently unselfish, I will now describe it for the joy of those people who sit—and read these instructive columns. It was made in cloth, with a plain skirt, showing many cordings at the hips and at the knees, these only extending to the side seams; the bodice was pouched, and it had a large collar edged with a band of mauve velvet and a line of ermine; the waistband was of mauve velvet, and the same put in its

appearance just at the neck-band. Carefully select your mauve velvet of the right shade to go with Abbess blue, and all will be well; if anyone, however, chooses the violet with a touch of red in it, all will go ill. Among other things which I cannot forgive nor forget is Florrie's new diamond ornament. I cannot forgive her for having it before I have one, and I cannot forget her want of courtesy in not offering it to me. The diamonds are of the purely Parisian order, but they are beautifully set in a shape exceedingly becoming to the coiffure. I always yield to the gems made by this company; they set them so well, and they arrive at the first cry of fashion. Before the initial whisper was heard in Paris that pearls were to be the rage of the hour, the "Orient" pearl was an established fact in London, and the same



A SKATING-COSTUME.

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story may be told with regard to the hair-ornaments; these are ubiquitous over the water, and the Parisian Diamond Company is ready with a supply to meet the demand; dozens of aigrettes and tiaras and coronets are to be seen at their establishments—143, Regent Street, 43, Burlington Arcade, and 85, New Bond Street—while the latest complement for the Orient pearl necklace is a pear-shaped pearl headed with an emerald, with a diamond set on either side; and what a valuable addition this is, especially when the pearl necklace is long and tied in a loose knot! Why does not the charity which begins at home tempt my relations to give me a Parisian Diamond tiara? Julia always vows that hers is the charity that thinketh no evil, and she was rather hurt yesterday when I capped her observation by declaring that it was also the charity that doeth no good. Therefore am I yet without diamonds and without sables.

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

MELLISSEN.—I am very sorry; it was only want of space which prevented your answer getting in last week. I was quite ready to consider your wants. The best material for that white gown is undoubtedly Liberty satin, to be bought at Liberty's East India House, at a price of 5s. 9d. the yard. No other fabric will so well suit your purpose as this, so do not be persuaded otherwise. The sable toque would only need a bunch of coloured chrysanthemums at one side and two small black ostrich feathers, the one to lie down, the other to stand up. The best lining for the sealskin is ivory brocade. The International Fur Store, 163, Regent Street, will put you on a sable collar, and do the lining for you. You had best let them have your muff, so that they can match it exactly. The reindeer gloves you can get at Marshall and Snelgrove's in Oxford Street, and also from the same establishment let me recommend for the sash one of the new ones of crêpe-de-Chine, with silk-fringed ends; these may be found with broad



MISS FAY DAVIS'S WHITE MUSLIN DRESS WORN IN
"THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE."

cut-steel buckles in front; they are quite lovely; they cost with the buckle 35s. 9d., without the buckle, one guinea. A paler mauve than the dress I should choose, not another colour altogether. Marshall and Snelgrove's have glacé plaid ties at 2s. 6d. Now, I think I have answered all your questions, but you may certainly write again if you want to know anything else.

EUDOXIA.—At Peter Robinson's in Regent Street you may at the present moment find ready-made slips in black net elaborately embroidered in steel and

jet paillettes, fit for the covering of an old black satin skirt, at a price of 79s. 6d. I should advise you to buy one of these; they are very well shaped, and could easily be put on by your own maid. The bodice of black net should have a trimming of the same kind, with a narrow ribbon belt embroidered in jet and steel round the waist, and with this you might follow your own idea of white on the bodice by introducing it as sleeves made of white tulle with just a small bouillonnée of the white tulle edging tulle collars round the décolletage. Boas made of the entire fox are the latest novelty. You can get one of very good quality for five



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NEW JEWELLERY MADE BY THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY.

pounds from the Grafton Fur Company, 164, New Bond Street. I think the white ones for evening wear are dearer than this; but, in any case, go and look at them; you need not buy them if you don't like them. I always get my scent from "4711" Depot, 62, New Bond Street, finding Rhine Violet particularly good. You can spend as much or as little as you like; it depends on the size of the bottle. You will also get from there the sachet-powder; a liberal use of this among all your clothes is necessary. The Rhine Violet sachets cost one shilling each; but I advise you to buy the powder by the pound, and get your maid to sew it into silk bags.

GOLIGHTLY.—Have a cedar covert-coating skirt and a Russian bodice made of ribbed corduroy the same colour with your mink collar and cuffs, a tan leather belt and an oxidised buckle, and oxidised buttons down one side of the Russian coat. A model I like very much is to be found at John Simmons', 35, Haymarket. If you give them this description they will know at once the style to which I am referring. They fit very well there, I know, from personal experience. The cheapest ready-made coats and skirts I have ever seen I have found at Shoolbred's, in Tottenham Court Road, for three guineas, and these were excellent, too. You can easily wear a blouse underneath a Russian coat—one of soft silk or crêpe-de-Chine, or an unlined blouse of Viyella you would find very warm. Do you know this material at all? It is soft and thin, and wonderfully warm—you can get it from any of the big drapers. The colours are good, pale blue being particularly effective. I like the turn-over collars in linen, but there are many to be found in muslin and in lawn. Marshall and Snelgrove's, in Oxford Street, is the best place for them; they have such a large variety.

LETITIA.—Muff-chains are still worn, of course; pearls are the most popular, but there is a fashion, of which I spoke last week, consisting of a moiré ribbon fastening with a jewelled slide and completed with a gold fob to hold an ornament or a watch, if it so please you. These you can only buy in London at Wilson and Gill's, 134, Regent Street, and they are exceedingly smart. Go and see them, and let me know if you don't agree with me. I am quite in love with them myself.

J. D.—You can get the pins for lace-making from Mrs. Evershed, 7, Hanover Square, W.

AMULET.—You may certainly wear those boots, if you like, but, personally, I always wear boots with dull leather uppers and patent-leather goloshes. There is, however, no reason you should follow my example, and those you suggest are very becoming.

VIRGINIA.

The issue of the diaries tells us with no doubting voice that 1898 will soon be here. Everybody fixes in the long run to a special sort of diary and sticks to it. For my own part, I prefer a certain one made by Collins for the pocket, and a beautifully printed octavo made by the pioneer firm of Charles Letts for the desk. Once I got a Letts' diary published by Cassell, and I felt far from home in consequence. Of course, that is a personal fad of mine; but it shows you what habit means. The Cassell set suit many people, of course. Always neat and handy and well bound are the diaries issued by Messrs. John Walker and Co. Professional men will find the diary arranged by the late Sir Julius Benedict and published by Messrs. Rudall, Carte, and Co. of value, while "The Royal Navy List Diary and Naval Handbook" (published by Wetherby) is of interest to naval men.